THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1285]
AUGUST 1, 1928
[as a Newspaper.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: Colour Page by Gilbert Holiday

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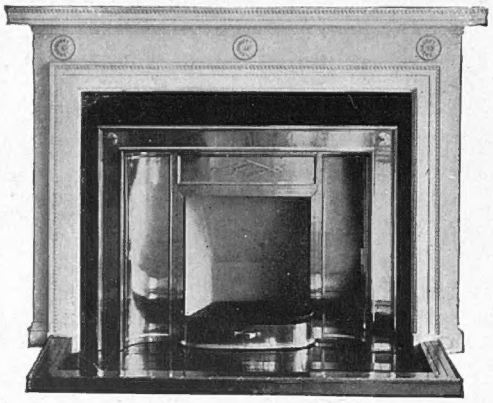

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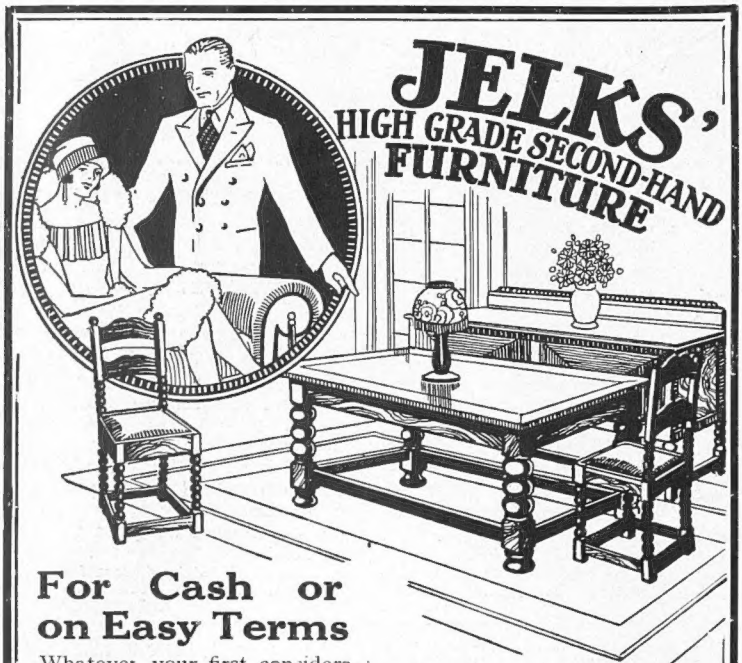

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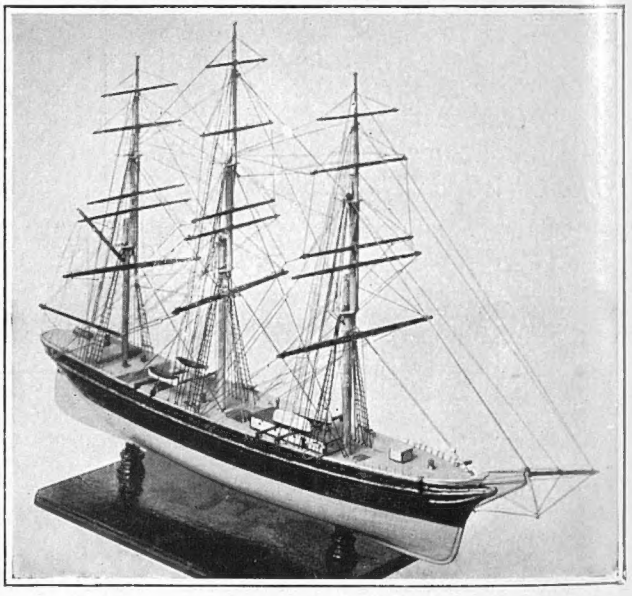
"THERMOPYLAE"



MODEL BY
FRANK H. MASON

The Sporting Gallery announces the production of an exquisite model of the famous Tea Clipper "THERMOPYLAE." This piece has been made in answer to repeated requests for a true model of one of the old sailing ships which should do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessel, and at the same time be within reach of a moderate purse. Mr. Mason's model, an excellent example of this well-known craftsmanship and "sea-sense," admirably fulfils these requirements, alike in its fine proportions and beautiful finish and detail. Twenty-five reproductions only are for sale, and each will be numbered and signed. The price is Twenty Guineas (packing and transport extra), and orders will be executed in strict rotation.

An example can be seen in the remarkable Exhibition of Ship Models now being held in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

The Bystander, August 1, 1928

No. 1285. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

OVER THE BIG BANK

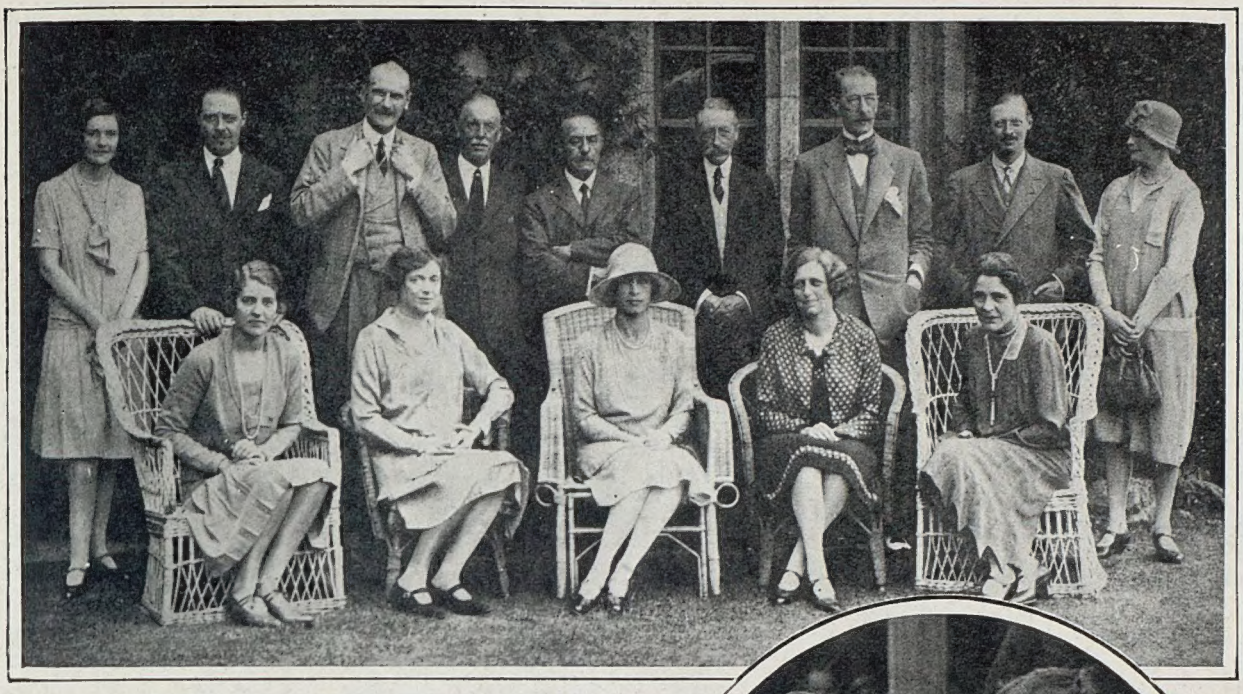
A characteristic feature of the Dublin Horse Show is the jumping over the big bank, as at Punchestown. In the Officers' Jumping Competitions it is an enthralling sight to see the officers, British and Foreign, jump it in pairs. The Show, which is an outstanding event among Irish sporting fixtures, is to be held from August 7 to 10

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 6—MISS JOAN FRY

Miss Joan Fry is one of the younger English Tennis Stars, and caused a sensation in 1925 by reaching the final of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon, when she was defeated by Mlle. Lenglen. Last year she reached the semi-final of the Singles at Wimbledon, and was a member of the British International Team in Canada and America

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.



ROYALTY AT A HOUSE PARTY *I.B.*

Princess Mary was among the guests at the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's recent house party at Plymouth. The photograph shows—front row: Lady Spencer (left), Lady Mount Edgcumbe, Princess Mary, Lady Vivian and the Hon. Mrs. Eliot. Back row: Miss Lopes (left), Lord Spencer, Lord Vivian, Sir Philip Hunloke, Lord St. Levan, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, the Hon. Montague Eliot, Lord Ebrington, and Miss Kenyon Slaney

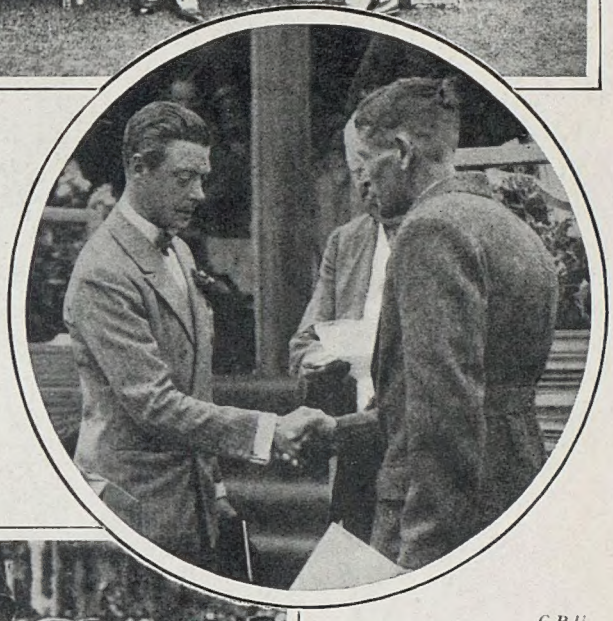
WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Garden Party

THE Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on Thursday brought the curtain down upon the last function of the Season. Thousands of lieges—seven, I believe—received Their Majesties' Command. The numbers grow each year, but each year the arrangements are just as perfect. Each year, too, the King and Queen, who separate after they leave the Palace and walk among their guests, find an increasing number of people whom they know personally and with whom they must exchange a few words.

A Garden Party is the only occasion, I believe, on which the gorgeous Indian tent, with its gilded poles and beautiful hangings, under which Queen Victoria used to work at State affairs in the grounds of Frogmore, with piles of despatch boxes all round her, is ever set up nowadays. The King and Queen and their specially invited guests take tea in it when they entertain all the worlds—society, politics, law, the arts, the theatre, literature, and the rest—at a Garden Party.



G.P.U.

THE PRINCE IN KENT

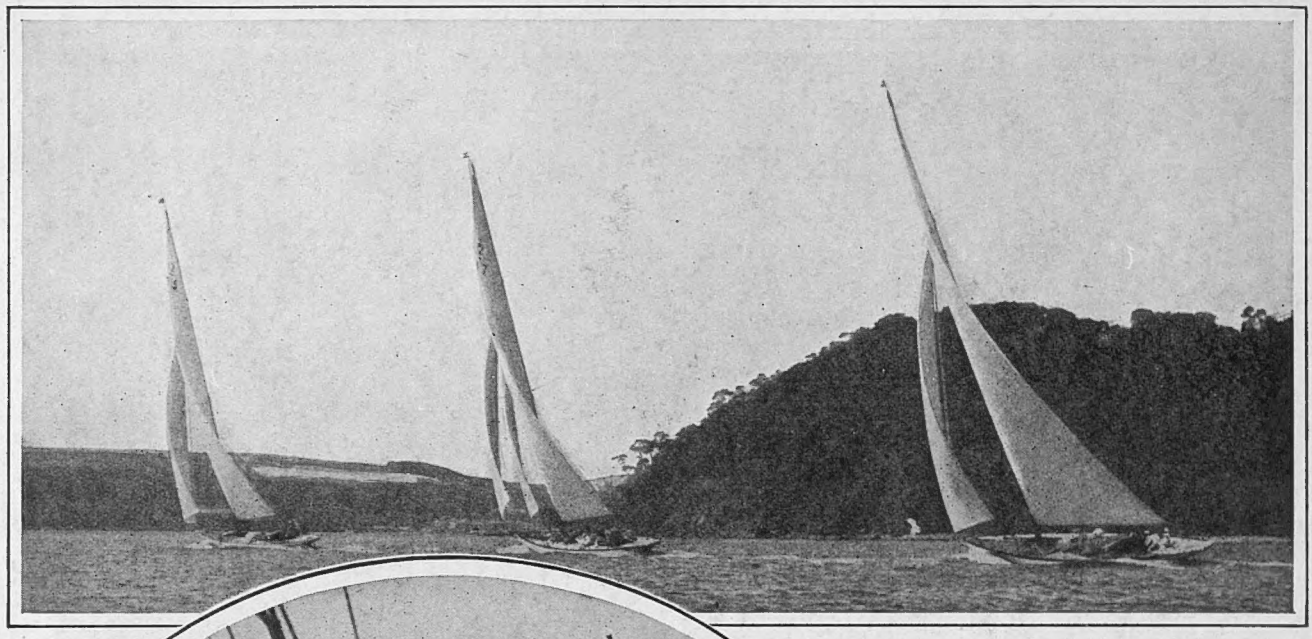
The Prince of Wales photographed talking to a farm-worker at Tunbridge Wells. This was after His Royal Highness had opened the playing fields in Cadogan Park

A BELGIAN CEREMONY *P. and A.*

Prince Leopold and Princess Astrid of Belgium photographed at the 125th anniversary of the foundation of the mine at Mariemont. The Prince decorated aged miners on this occasion

Princess Mary and Racing

OF all the King and Queen's children Princess Mary seems to be the only one who has inherited King Edward's love of racing. She rarely misses any of the important meetings, and nobody studies a race-



Sport and General

12-METRE YACHTS CATCHING THE WIND

REGATTA WEEK AT PLYMOUTH

This popular regatta of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club was recently held with great success. Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock won the Warwick Vase, while Mr. J. L. Lewis's Rhona was second to Mouette in the 12-metre class after a keen race

Sport and General

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SHAMROCK SEEN FROM THE DECK OF MR. T. B. F. DAVIS'S WESTWARD

card more carefully. Lord Lonsdale, I believe, was her first instructor in the points of a horse.

The Princess will be at Goodwood this year, and, with Lord Lascelles, is to be the guest of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough at Stansted Park, near Emsworth, quite a short run from the course. Lord Bessborough is one of the Irish peers who no longer reside in Ireland. He bought Stansted Park, a fine house upon which a former owner spent a great deal of money, some years ago, and has lived there ever since.

Lady Bessborough, who is one of the beauties of the peerage, was the only daughter of Baron Neuflize, and married Lord Bessborough, then Lord Duncannon, sixteen years ago. He succeeded to the earldom eight years ago.

One of Lord Bessborough's sisters was the late Lady Oranmore and Browne, who was killed so tragically in a motor accident in the spring of last year near Tunbridge Wells. Her husband, you will remember, died shortly afterwards of the injuries he received. They, too, had given up living in Ireland and had bought Mereworth Castle, near Maidstone, a big house surmounted by a dome, which used to belong to Lord Falmouth. The present Lord Oranmore and Browne has recently sold Mereworth to the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth.

The Dublin Horse Show

THE Dublin Horse Show means to Irish people precisely what the Northern Meeting at Inverness, the Braemar Gathering, and the other meetings north of the Tweed mean to Scottish folk. Actually, it is a gathering of clans that don't wear kilts.

People meet there from the remotest parts of Ireland who never meet anywhere else, and most of those Irish people who nowadays live for the greater part of the year in England, because of the changed times, generally make a point of going over to Dublin for the Horse Show.

It is the gayest week in all the Dublin year, with dinners and dances every night, the hotels all crowded, and every house for miles around filled with guests. The Governor-General of the Free State, following the example of the Lords-Lieutenant, always has a house-party and pays a visit to the Show. Last year, however, there was no party, as the Governor-General was in mourning for his wife.

A Cosmopolitan Gathering

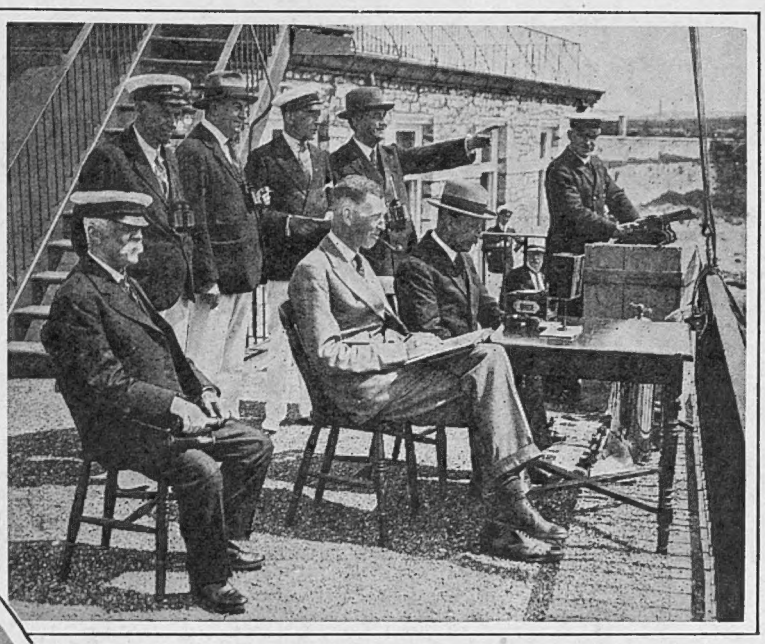
THANKS to the Aga Khan, the Dublin Horse Show now has some of the international brilliance, in the way of uniform, of the Horse Show at Olympia. Two years ago the Aga Khan offered a trophy for a military jumping competition, which has now become an outstanding feature of the Show, and has necessitated the building of a new grand stand which seats four thousand people. Irish horses are famous all the world over, and the Dublin Horse Show is a positive Tower of Babel, buyers coming from all parts of the earth. England, Germany, and the Argentine, I believe, are usually the biggest buyers.

A Great Inheritance

THE "going over" of the Marquess of Bute's father to the Church of Rome created a sensation in Society which we in these days would find it difficult to understand. Disraeli made it the subject of one of his

novels. Our immediate forbears did not possess our religious tolerance, but a good deal of the comment and criticism came from disappointed Protestant mothers. The late Lord Bute was one of the richest young men in the kingdom. Therefore, when he "went over to Rome" great was the outcry amongst those whose maternal hopes for their daughters had risen high.

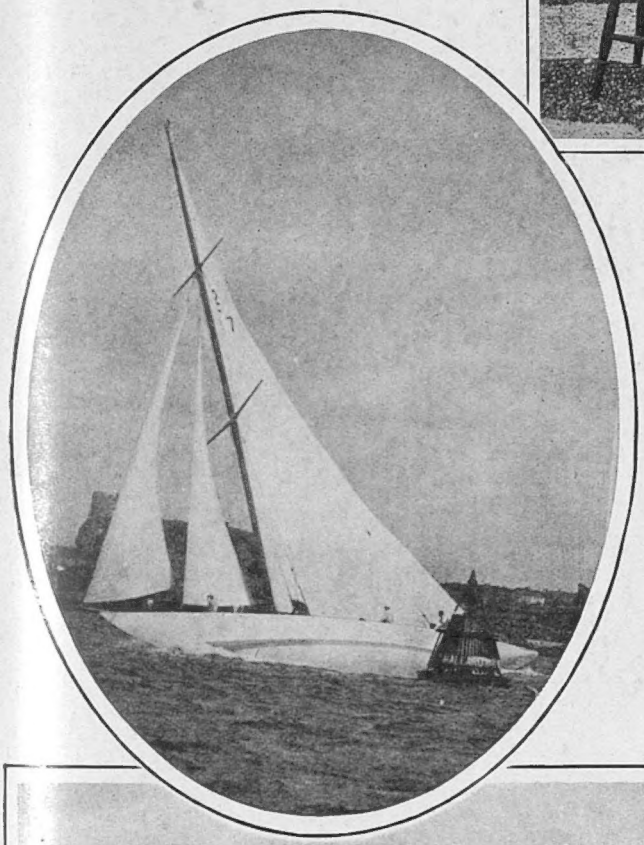
And now the coming-of-age of this Lord Bute's grandson, the Earl of Dumfries, is being celebrated this week at Cardiff Castle, the biggest of all Lord Bute's many houses. Amongst the entertainments in honour of the occasion, which will last a week, is a garden party for ten thousand guests. After this a luncheon party of one hundred guests, a dinner party, and three balls sound comparatively insignificant. The park round Cardiff Castle is so huge that there will be plenty of room, and some to spare for the ten thousand.



Topical

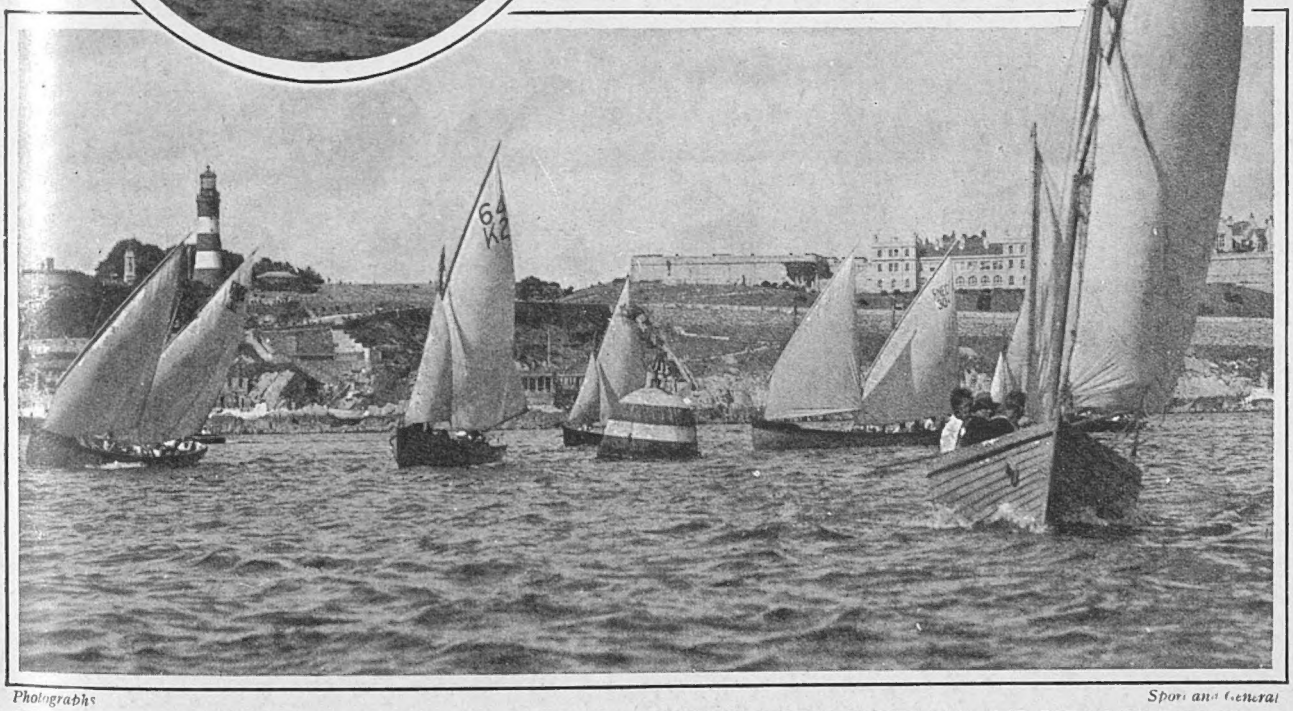
OFFICIALS OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

Rear Commodore S. B. Harvey, Mr. H. W. Hodge, Mr. A. Sale, Mr. W. G. Balstora (Hon Sec.), Officer of the Day, T. W. Balhatchet, Assistant Officer, Mr. E. G. Dobell and Mr. J. R. K. Blowey, Timekeepers



Lord Bute has immense interests in Cardiff and the neighbourhood. In Scotland he has Mount Stuart at Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute, where his elder daughter was married recently, Dumfries House in Ayrshire, The Old Place at Mochrum in Wigtownshire, and Kames Castle, also on the Isle of Bute. The last is the dower house of his mother, the Dowager Marchioness. Besides these and the great properties all round them, Lord Bute has a town house in London and in Edinburgh, and a charming villa in Spain.

In addition to the marquessate, of which he is the fourth holder.



Photographs *Sport and General*

MR. J. L. LEWIS'S RHONA CROSSING THE LINE IN THE 12-METRE CLASS

ROUNDING THE BUOY IN THE HANDICAP FOR SERVICE BOATS RACE

Lord Bute is three times an earl, three times a viscount, and six times a baron.

Treasures of the Ages

WE have never had such an exhibition of antiques as that arranged by *The Daily Telegraph* at Olympia. It is a treasure house, and should reassure the pessimistically minded who are for ever declaring "All our best things are going to America!"

Besides pictures—and amongst them is the most precious picture in England, the "Wilton Diptych," lent by the Earl of Pembroke, and nearly six centuries old—there are old furniture, silver, carpets, tapestry, china, books, and jewellery. Never have the owners of treasures been so generous in their lending.

You could spend a whole day in the picture section alone. There are Raphaels, Franz Hals, and Rembrandts lent by Sir Joseph Duveen; Vandycks, Titians, Raeburns, Reynolds, Romneys, and Gainsboroughs, and others of the British School. One treasure never, I believe, exhibited before is a statue by Michael Angelo, "Leda and the Swan," lent by Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, which once belonged to Sir Everett Millais.

Furniture lovers will rejoice over the Sheraton and Hepplewhite furniture, notably a Sheraton cabinet which was given to Lady Hamilton by Nelson, as well as over the William and Mary, Queen Anne, and Chippendale lent by Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips.

Lord Desborough has lent a superb collection of Cellini and Lamerie silver, as well as gorgeous Charles I silver chandeliers from Panshanger.

Apart from private owners, professional dealers in antiques have sent some of their finest specimens, the cost price of the furniture sent by one dealer alone being no less than £83,000. The number of dealers' stands would suggest that buying and selling antique furniture is rapidly becoming a staple industry. You can gather the magnificence of the exhibition when I tell you that the total value of these treasures is estimated at ten million pounds.

I see there is one picture I have forgotten to mention. It will interest all of you who have read Feuchtwanger's last book, *The Ugly Duchess,* because it is a portrait of that lady by Quentin Matsys. She was Duchess of Carinthia and Tyrol. No wonder her subjects called her "The Maultasch," which means "Pouchmouth." She is so hideous that the portrait has

Topical

AT HIS OLD SCHOOL

Brig.-Gen. J. H. W. Becke presenting the Wedderburn Cup for Shooting to Corporal Shepherd at the Commemoration Day Celebrations at Trinity College, Glenalmond. Brig.-Gen. Becke is himself an old boy of Trinity College

Sport and General

THE JUDGES IN CONCLAVE

Mr. Nigel McKenzie (left), Mr. Alistair Anderson, Sir George Leith-Buchanan, of Ross Priory, Major W. Leckie Ewing, and Mr. J. M. Clavering at the Luss Highland Gathering. They judged the Piping Competition

Topical

AT THE HIGHLAND SHOW

Mr. W. Blunt-MacKenzie (left), Miss May Cheape, the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, Miss Mary Neven, the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill, Lord Tarbat, and Mr. Douglas Pirrie at the Highland Show at Aberdeen. The ponies belong to the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill

Alfieri

MISS B. ROUNDEL AND MISS M. STANDISH

News Illus.

THE HON. MRS. DARLING WITH HER SONS, JAMES AND ROBERT

SHOW TIME IN THE FOREST

Some of the competitors and onlookers at the very enjoyable New Forest Show at Brockenhurst. Robert Darling won the prize for the best boy rider, and his brother James was the youngest competitor in the Show. They are the grandsons of Lord Darling

Alfieri

MISS O. GULLAND AND MRS. BLACKMORE

an uncanny fascination. You return to look at it again and again just to see if the face is really as ugly as you thought it was.

Stoke Court as a Club

As one of the speakers said at the opening of Stoke Court at Stoke Poges as a country club, the time seems rapidly approaching when this will be the only way to preserve our big country houses—the combination of the many to enjoy what the individual can no longer afford to maintain because of crushing taxation.

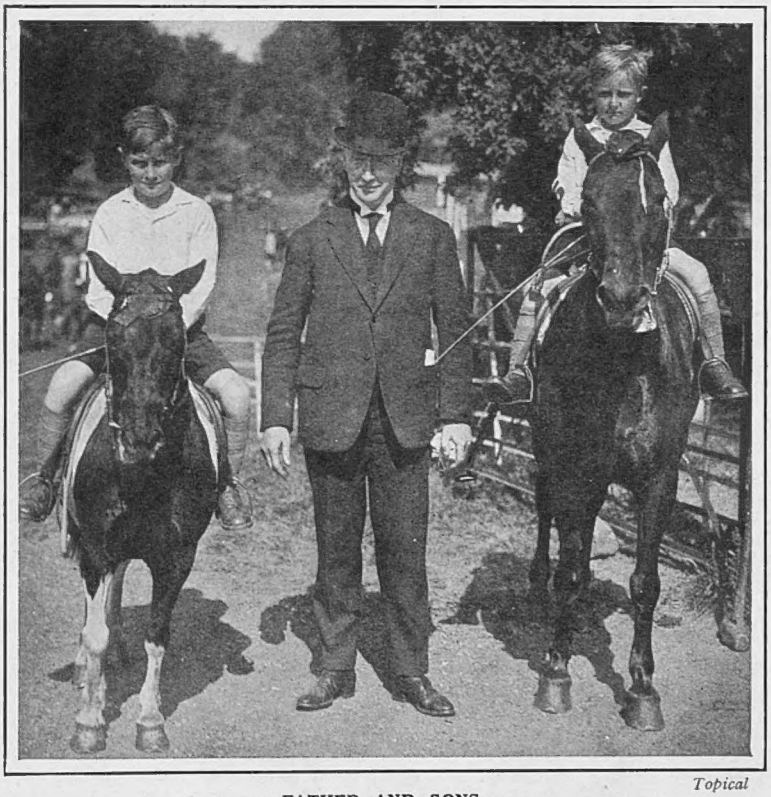
Stoke Court is an ideal house for such conversion—if conversion it can be called, since all is so arranged that you would imagine you were staying in a private abode. The original house, long ago merged into the present stately building, was a farmstead and the home of the poet Gray, who wrote his famous "Elegy" in a room which has been carefully preserved by successive owners.

I can imagine no place more attractive for a week-end or longer visit. The gardens are charming, one feature being the long stone terrace running in front of the house, and on to which the dining-room, ballroom and other public rooms all open by French windows. I foresee this terrace being a very popular gathering place on warm evenings.

Outside the house, the Stoke Poges golf links are close by, and for those who like tennis there are four hard courts; a squash racquets court is to be made. Likewise, there will be dancing.

Peers and Prison

UNDER this heading a little while ago, in writing about Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, who was convicted of bigamy by the House of Lords in the reign of George III and escaped branding on the hand by pleading "privilege of peerage," I said I couldn't see where the privilege came in, seeing that the verdict proved her no peeress at all. Mr. Lewis Melville, whose historical biographies are so widely read, and who has made an especial study of Elizabeth Chudleigh in his *Maids of Honour*, has kindly taken the trouble to write to me. He tells me that as the lady's first husband had become Earl of Bristol before the bigamy action took place, she could—and did—claim her "privilege of peerage" as Countess of Bristol when the Lords declared that she was not Duchess of Kingston.



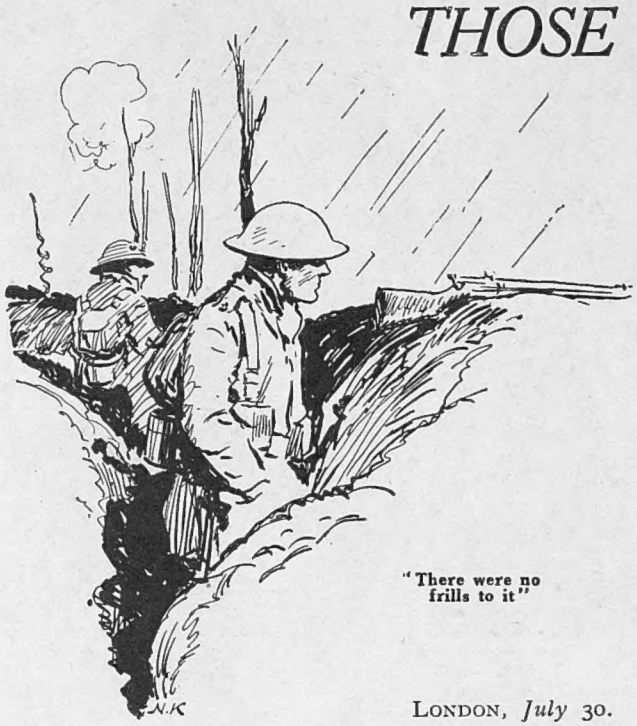
Topical

FATHER AND SONS

President Cosgrave photographed with his sons, Liam and Michael, at the Hillside Drag Hunt Jumping Competitions, which were held at Dublin. The two boys were competitors in the Children's Class

THOSE REAL-LIFE DRAMAS

By Blanchette *Illustrations by NORMAN KEENE*



"There were no frills to it"

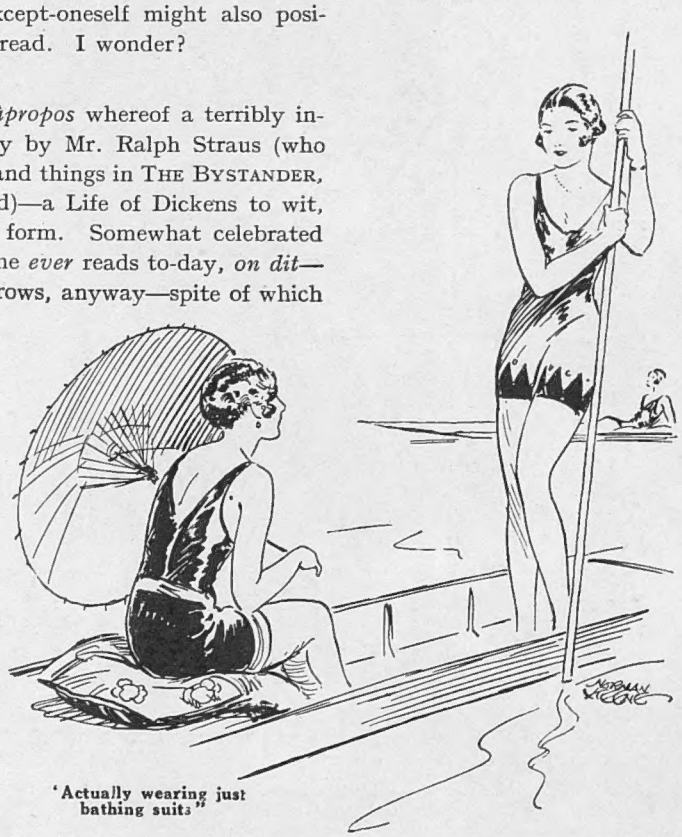
LONDON, *July* 30.

DEAR COUSIN,

WHO was it said once, d'you remember, that everyone could write at least one book?—if they tried, that is. Also, I s'pose, if they had, say, a few hundred words or so in their vocab., what? Which does seem somewhat of a *sine quâ non*, as they say, and one or two other oddments, too, such as a spot of imagination—I don't mean the brand that makes up fairy tales, etcet., but the rather rarer sort whereby you see things through other people's eyes, so to speak . . . But, anyway, general idea being that in everyone's life there's quite enough emotions, sensations, thrills, sorrows, joys—not to mention mere happenings—to make that single volume of so-called fiction that, if rightly written, some of the great general pub. of everyone-except-oneself might also positively and actually want to read. I wonder?

卐

HAVE just been reading *àpropos* whereof a terribly interesting new biography by Mr. Ralph Straus (who writes so nicely about books and things in THE BYSTANDER, you may p'raps have noticed)—a Life of Dickens to wit, which is appearing in serial form. Somewhat celebrated novelist in his day that no one *ever* reads to-day, *on dit*—not the *cognoscenti* or highbrows, anyway—spite of which I cherish him, between you and me, as a sort of secret vice; but that's by the way. But in aforesaid book (which isn't out yet, as a book, and no use putting it on your Mudie list till Sept., but I'm just telling you) you can see, which seems to me rather fearfully thrilling, just how said Charles D. made all his books really out of things that had actually happened to him or that he'd seen himself, or felt, or thought.



"Actually wearing just bathing suits"

And not such a frightfully sensational or anything but respectably middle-class life his wasn't, either; he was a fairly flamboyant lad himself; so that's that.

卐

BUT what especially and particularly made me think about above-mentioned idea was a play I saw last week at the Ambassadors called *Many Waters*, by Mr. Monckton Hoffe. Who, believe me, sure can write, and has the human touch and all that, and's also one of those kindly satirists that . . . but I'll tell you. In this play, you see, there's a sort of rather nice-looking, middle-aged-ish couple that a theatrical manager person is kind of interviewing, and by way of finding out their tastes in drama and so on. And they end by saying, "Oh, well, nothing's ever happened to us," so they prefer something really impossibly romantic in the musical comedy line, or words to that effect. And then you're shown what their life really has been, and it's been simply packed with drama, and tragedy, and romance, only somehow they'd rather forgotten it. Or perchance thought little of it just because it happened *to themselves*—which, methinks, is rather the English way, is not it?

卐

WE don't beat the drums much, dear Cousin, do we, or loudly play *fanfarons* on the picturesque trumpets of life?—as someone once put it, or, anyway, might have. Don't even indulge in the exquisitely decorative melancholy of the French poets, such as, *par exemple* (said she, knowing the language):

La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bonjour.

La vie est brêve:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon soir. . . .

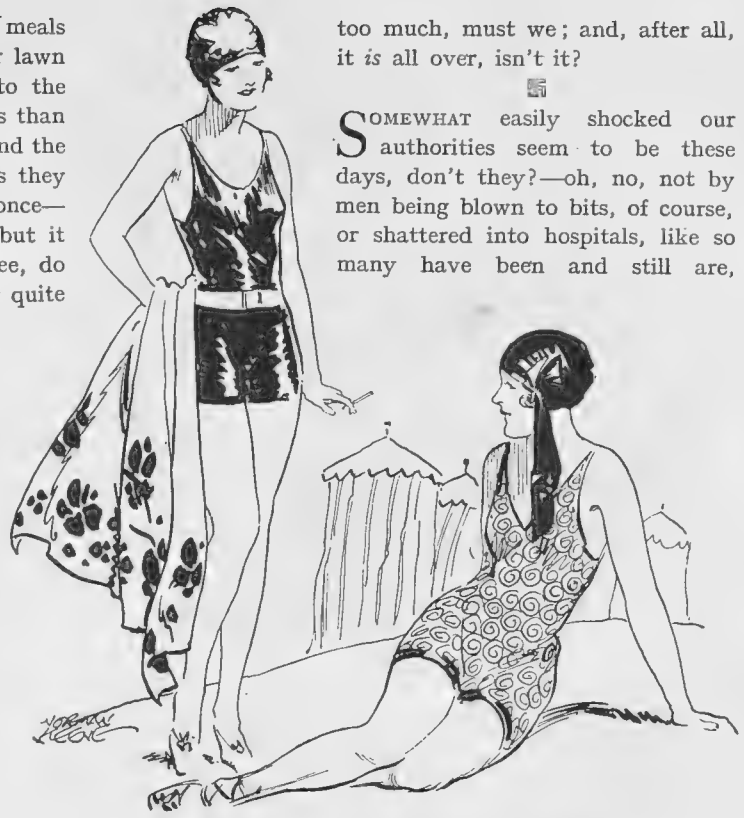
Which is quite untranslatably *magnifique* (lots of people have tried, without the slightest success), but is it really, I wonder, *la vie?* But, all the same, d'you know I do believe there is something in this little idea of Mr. Hoffe's about even the ordinariest sort of person having a bit of drama in his seemingly quite dull and commonplace kind of existence, I mean. Don't you?

卐

ANYWAY, for those who still remember (and who at the bottom of his or her heart doesn't?) what began to happen just fourteen years ago,

life can never be quite entirely just a matter of three meals a day and a spot of work and a dollop of golf or lawn tennis, a listen-in to the wireless, or expedition to the theatre, and so to bed. Fourteen years ago and less than ten since it finished—so no one except the infants (and the conchies) can have missed knowing about it unless they wanted to. Some other epigrammatist said of it once—this really was a real one—that it was *la guerre* but it wasn't *magnifique*; but I don't even begin to agree, do you, dear Cousin? And, meseems, why it is really quite properly called the Great War is just because there were no frills to it. No glorious cavalry charges, with couched lances and gay pennons bravely flying, that we read about in those ancient war romances of old time. No hand-to-hand fights of dashing heroes, no charming little incidents like "Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first," and all that sort of thing.

OUR men, our noble men, our glorious men who fell in this great, colossal, dull and splendid, utterly sordid and infinitely heroic fight—when thousands died gallantly to gain a hundred yards, and to the less fortunate ones other things happened . . . Dear men, bravest men of the brave, they knew, after the first few weeks or months of flag-wagging, anyway, what it meant. But, all the same, they went. They went and they suffered with a smile, which is men's way, all sorts of unspeakable things, and made a joke out of them, even. Oh, dear Cousin, can you see *us* doing that? I mean, women can be heroic, of course, in their way, and I know some who'll bear awful illnesses and things with quite the most amazing pluck, but it isn't quite the same, is it, really? Not quite like jumping out of a trench, say, at five or six o'clock in the morning and advancing through a hail of bullets to an enemy you can't see, and knowing that at any moment . . . but mustn't harrow our memories too much, must we; and, after all, it *is* all over, isn't it?



"Where our mere Town trappings shall be cast aside"

SOMEWHAT easily shocked our authorities seem to be these days, don't they?—oh, no, not by men being blown to bits, of course, or shattered into hospitals, like so many have been and still are, because, of course, that's just patriotism, and their duty, and so on, and so awfully sorry, and good-bye. No, much more important matter—dear Cousin, can you believe it, but actually some people, it seems, have been going about punting and that sort of thing in recent hot weather on ole man river, the Thames to wit, and actually wearing—I blush to name it, or them—just bathing suits! Now that really *is* rather dangerous for the Empire, and . . . well, can you beat it?

ANYWAY, and whatever happens, nothing so very much matters now, because the Season's over and holidays begin this very week as ever is—at any rate, for all rightly and constitutionally inclined persons. Goodwood, of course, gaily proceeding this week, which is always a pleasant and rural affair, all among those groves where they say there's every amenity, so to speak, except birds. And Cowes to follow—doesn't the mere thought of that gently lapping, brightly sparkling water make you think of Deauville, or Devon, or Seaview, or, for that matter, anywhere where our mere town trappings shall be cast aside and the natural man (or woman) be but scantily concealed by these bathing frocks which are the nearest we moderns can get to the ancient primeval simplicity (and not so very terribly far off, either).

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

"And Cowes to follow"

COWES REGATTA, O.T.C. AND CADET CAMPS

Both these events will be dealt with specially in articles and photographs in the issue of August 15

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS *Topical*

Mrs. E. S. Mawray, of Petworth, photographed taking a jump at the Tunbridge Wells and S.E. Counties Agricultural Society's Diamond Jubilee Show

Central Press

WELL OVER, SIR!

The Prince of Wales visited the Tunbridge Wells and S.E. Counties Agricultural Society's Diamond Jubilee Show. Capt. Barrett is seen here making a fine jump

Liverpool Surprise

TOBOGGAN's defeat at Liverpool last week was one of those amazing racing results which leave the onlookers in a state of complete bewilderment. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that Lord Derby's filly was not in her best form. She looked remarkably well in the paddock, where most of the critics preferred her to Fairway, who was also on view. I am quite sure that Lord Stanley, Mr. G. Lambton, and Frank Butters did not contemplate the possibility of her downfall, while in the ring long odds were unhesitatingly laid on her. Yet this heroine of the Epsom Oaks was not only beaten, but badly beaten. When she was called on for her effort in the straight she curled up surprisingly. Toboggan showed that she can turn sulky when things do not go her way. Mr. Washington Singer unexpectedly found himself the richer by £2,779, the value of the St. George Stakes. His colt Plantago is a most attractive customer, and possesses lots of good staying blood. Any amount of money was won over him when he scored at Ascot, but last week he was allowed to run for the stake.

The Lords and the "Tote"

IT was a foregone conclusion that the Racecourse Betting Bill would have no difficulty in getting through the House of Lords, and the measure was read there a second time last week without a division. The debate was interesting, though Lord Desborough and one or two other speakers displayed a surprising lack of knowledge of the technicalities of bookmaking and of racing. The Captain Yeoman of the Guard appears to imagine that bookmakers and racecourse tipsters are precisely the same people. As was only to be expected, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's remarks were perfectly sound, and Lord Derby also supplied some important facts. He told us that in England every racehorse has to earn £650 a year before paying its expenses. In France a horse would pay its way by earning only £180 per annum. That difference is entirely attributable to the "Tote." Although the legalisation of the machine is now assured, many important points remain to be settled. For example, how much is to be deducted from our investments before dividends are declared? The general impression is that the amount will be 8 per cent., which is much less than is taken from the pari-mutuel and totalisator in France.

St. Leger Outlook

ONE agreeable effect of Fairway's remarkable victory in the Eclipse Stakes is to make the St. Leger more interesting than ever. I can foresee that the great race on the Town Moor is going to evoke no end of excitement. In spite of his success in the Derby, I am still unconvinced that Felstead is worth the £100,000 which Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen recently refused for him, but there is at least no question about his staying powers, and he should be well suited by the St. Leger course. Those who believe that Flamingo was unlucky to have been beaten at Epsom will have the opportunity of seeing their views put to a test at Doncaster.

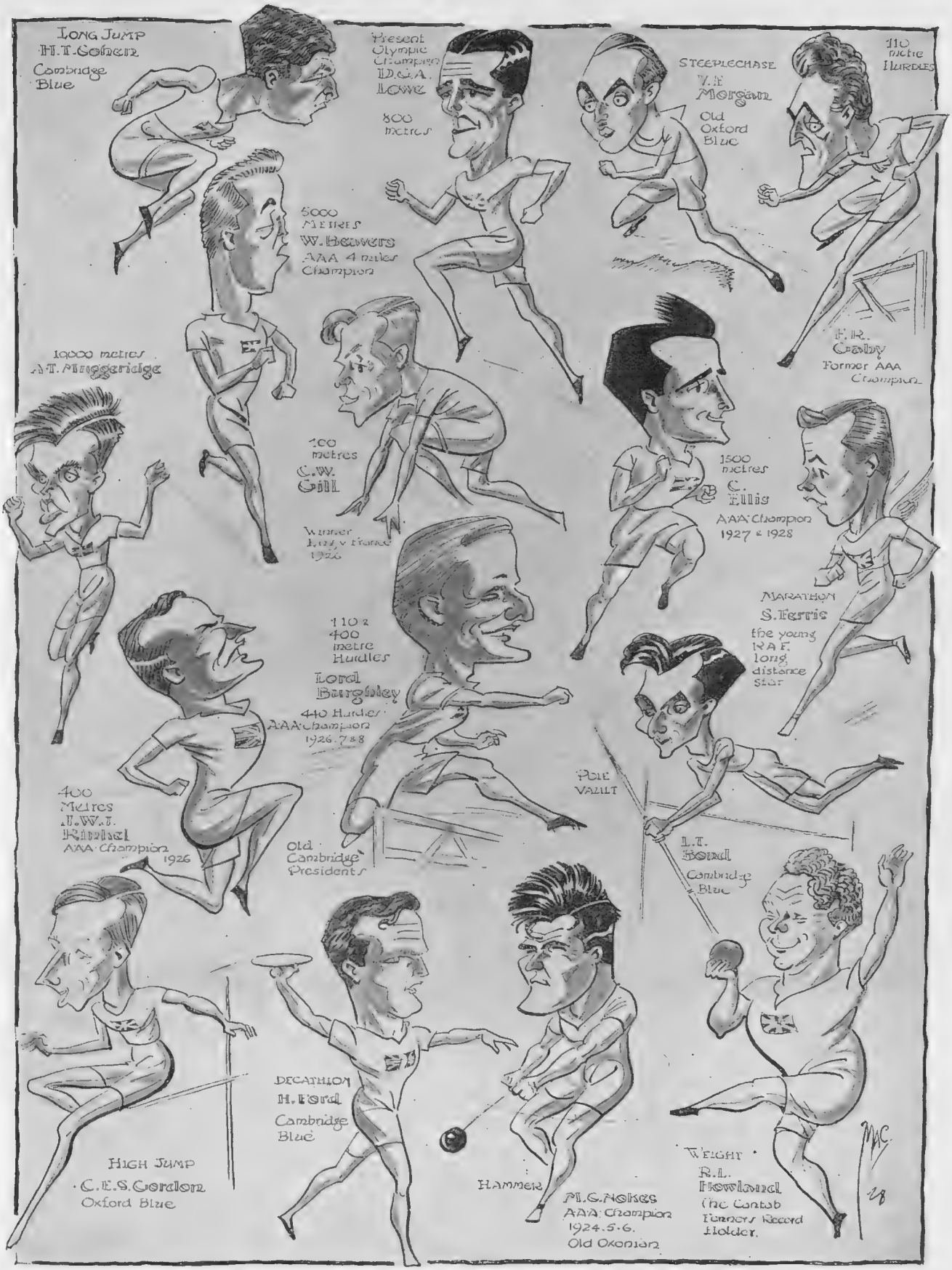
A Question of Stamina

ONE of the great questions of the St. Leger will be Fairway's ability to stay the course. The consensus of opinion is that the journey will be a bit too far for him, but there is nothing to show conclusively that he does not possess the necessary stamina, and I expect we shall find him a well-backed horse. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind of the cause of Fairway's failure in the Derby. My theory is that he was over-trained, and I do not think Frank Butters will give him such an intensive preparation for the St. Leger as the colt had for the Derby.

Goodwood Attractions

AT the time of writing the only thing needed for the complete success of the Goodwood Meeting is a good rainfall, but I hope this will not come while the racing is actually in progress. Goodwood is glorious enough when the sun shines, but when that familiar sea fret rolls up to blot out the landscape—ugh! One of the problems for backers on Wednesday will be to find the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, which is one of the longest races of the year. Maid of Perth will be much better suited here than she was by the sharp ten furlongs at Sandown. I take her, Royal Pom, and **Kinchinjunga** as a likely group to supply the winner, and my selection is Mr. Sutton's big horse, who is certain to get the trip. On the same afternoon I hope to see **Tutbury** carry off the Singleton Handicap for His Majesty, who will have seven runners at the meeting. I question whether we shall find anything capable of beating **Bois Josselyn** in the Goodwood Cup. I make **Trelawny** my choice for the Drayton Handicap.

Some Athletic Impressions at Amsterdam



BY MAC

A view of the English team that is now striving for laurels of victory in the Olympic Games at Amsterdam. It is a far cry from the Olympic Games of to-day to the contests in the arena of ancient Greece, but it is not going too far to say that our modern athletes would compare very favourably in grace and physical perfection with the entrants in the Games of olden times, in spite of our artist's somewhat hard-hearted caricatures

HIS MAJESTY PHOTOGRAPHED WITH N.C.O.'S OF THE REGIMENT

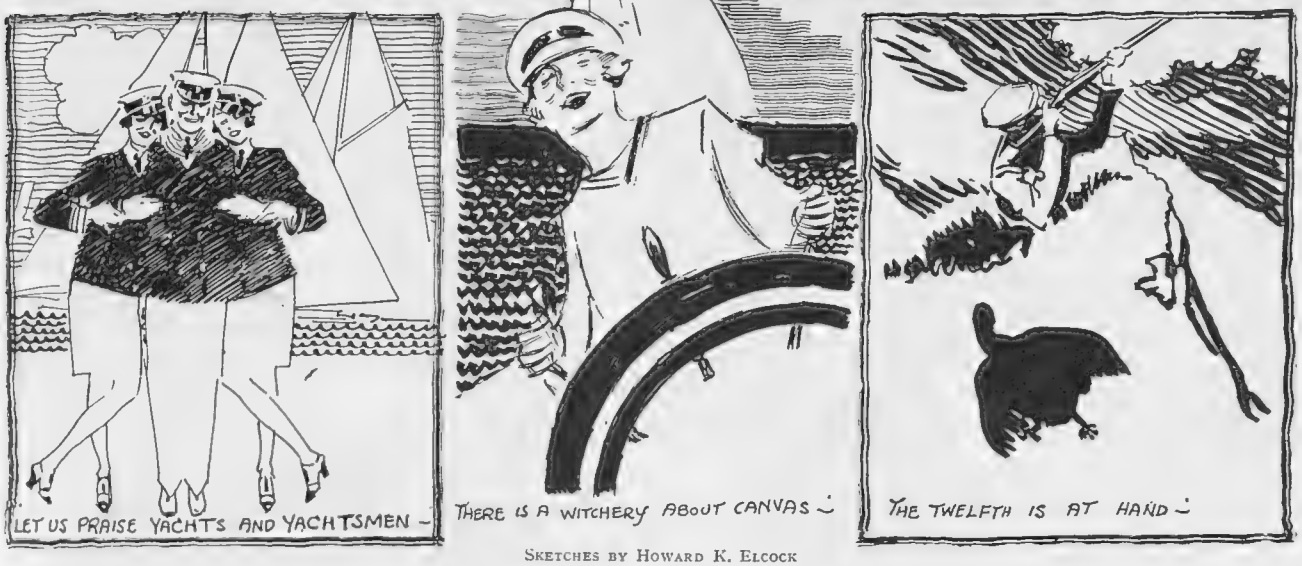
Photographs Topical

CAPTAIN THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER "PRESENTED" TO THE KING

THE KING WITH THE CAVALRY

The King recently visited the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own), of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, at Hounslow Barracks. The Duke of Gloucester, who is an officer in the regiment, was on parade, and was presented to His Majesty in turn with the other officers. The regiment leaves for Egypt in the Autumn

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Lay of a Lubber

LET us praise yachts and yachtsmen. Nothing, I suppose, can be more profound than the yachtsman's contempt for the poor flat-footed landsman—the man who hardly knows the difference between a jibsail and a jam jar. Nevertheless, I am willing to return good for evil. I accept the yachtsman's scorn with becoming meekness. Even when he is abjuring me to luff-her-you-idiot and regarding me (quite justly) as a mere two-legged inferiority complex, I still take off my landlubber's hat to him. I kiss the rod (or should I say belaying-pin?).

A Joy for Ever

THE highly skilled performance of the yachtsman of a delicate art and a highly intricate technique compels the tribute of both eye and mind. We admire him as we admire the perfect rider of a beautiful, mettlesome horse. As for sheer beauty of line and colour, what sight is more lovely than that of a yacht under full canvas scudding through the spindrift? There is a witchery about canvas seen over a stretch of blue water. Even the fishing smack upon the horizon has a beauty of its own. But the yacht is the perfection of grace and fairy lightness. She is the true queen of the sea.

The Call of the Moors . . .

THE Twelfth is at hand, and shy, nimble Mr. Grouse approaches the most exciting, though possibly the least satisfactory, phase of his feathered career. The moorland has its lovers as well as the sea. There is a tang in the air among the heather and bracken that you will find nowhere else in the world. I have had my little hate against Yorkshire in my day. I visited her at the wrong time of the year, and she (in her turn) visited me with influenza. But we are friends again. The *amende honorable* has been made and accepted. If you go to Yorkshire in August, she will give you of her best.

. . . And the Sea

FOR those who do not hear the moorland call so clearly there is always the sea. Shall we disport ourselves upon "these yellow sands"? Perhaps "disport" is the wrong word. At all events, throughout August thousands of Britons will be enjoying themselves with lazy good nature by waves that are anything but sad. The musty saying that an Englishman takes his pleasures sadly would be rather silly if it were not so completely meaningless. The Englishman is not a glump. It is merely that he prefers his diversions, like his beverages, not to consist almost entirely of froth.

The Carnival Spirit

A GOOD Frenchman will tell you that we do not possess the carnival spirit. That, I think, is true. There is no need either to apologise for not having it or to despise it as something tawdry and meretricious. The carnival spirit, as you see it (say) at Nice, is a joyous thing, all sparkle and fizz and Latin sprightliness. There you have the place, the time, and the temperament all together. But (said he, mixing his metaphors atrociously) this plant does not take root easily in English soil. Watch the painstaking revellers at some English seaside carnival. They are self-conscious and slightly ashamed of themselves. They revel, as the Scotsman jokes, "wi' deeficulty."

The Sane Englishman

THE Englishman's sense of happiness is quiet and deep. The enjoyment of a peculiarly English pleasure—such

By David Wilson

A "DESERT SONG"!

Those clever high-falutin' chaps
Cut to put an end to strife,
Anglo-Saxons, Gauls and Japs,
Think they've exiled me for life!
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth!
Kellogg's put the lid on "Scraps"!
Mars an exile! (MARS forsooth!)
Perhaps!
PERHAPS!

D. W.

as reading "Pickwick Papers," or viewing a green English landscape, or drinking English beer from old pewter—is an occasion for solemn ritual, demanding a man's best. These are not the times for wearing paper caps and false noses, as do (we are told) "the giddy and godless French."

"St. George he was for England
And ere he slew the dragon
He drank a pint of English beer
Out of an English flagon."

That is the way we take our pleasures.

First Offenders

I HOPE the new regulations with regard to minor motoring offences in the Metropolitan area will spread to other localities. It appears that now you are not to be hailed before the dread bar of justice the first time the country roads put dust on your rear number plate or you leave your driving licence in your other coat pocket. Should you commit such appalling crimes once a fatherly letter will be sent you, warning you to be a good lad and not do it again. Should you, however, persist in your career of crime and appear (say) with a dim tail-light a second time, then you will suffer your just punishment. "We've warned you before," they'll say.

Never the Right Wrong 'Uns

THIS is a practical and kindly reform as far as it goes. The man who has been warned about some small carelessness will probably be more careful in future. But laws for serious motoring offences remain as difficult to administer as ever. It does not take a Sherlock Holmes to catch me five minutes after a bad bit of bumpy country road has jolted my licence holder off its bracket. I look and feel so guilty that the honest country bobby knows he has got a fair "cop." But the real bad man of the road who persistently cuts in and corners on the wrong side—no policeman ever seems to get him. And to be quite frank, I don't see how he can.

Wicked Bathers

THE hot weather brings its usual crop of complaints from the long-nosed fraternity as to the immodesty of bathers. No one can quite satisfy the fastidious scruples of the unco' guid. Should you bathe in a diving suit from a submarine you would not entirely "escape calumny." Still, we ought not, perhaps, to be too hard on Mrs. Grundy. Of late we have won sweeping victories from her all along the line. Her present efforts to prevent us from doing what we want to do are rather pathetic in their impotence. Her hardier sister Dora is still alive and, to a certain degree, kicking, but Mrs. Grundy's condition, as the bulletins say, grows rapidly weaker.

Grandmother Bathes

WHEN we think of how our poor dear grandmothers bathed we may well contemplate our anti-Grundy victories with the greatest satisfaction. So far as I can gather, they were furtively hustled down to the ocean in a vehicle resembling an isolation hospital van, from the steps of which they entered the water, ankle-high, in a costume about as becoming as a Dartmoor convict's. Should they wish to learn to swim they were subjected to the tender mercies of the "bathing woman," a female of forbidding aspect, well matured in years, and dressed in a bonnet and voluminous draperies. Had they been observed by impious eyes (say from a battleship in the Channel) they would have swooned. And swooning gracefully in the water is a ticklish business—however you set about doing it. I have bathed at Durban behind a grille designed as a protection from sharks, but no shark was ever considered as dangerous as a bathing spectator in grandmamma's day. For relief from such restraints, much thanks!

Social Leaders of the Irish Season

VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD *Lafayette*

A notable hostess, who has given many dances and entertainments for her only daughter, the Hon. Diana Skeffington. Lord Massereene and Ferrard is the twelfth Viscount and owns Antrim Castle. Lady Massereene and Ferrard is the sister of Sir Thomas Ainsworth

THE HON. LADY MORRISON-BELL

The sister of Viscount Powerscourt, wife of Sir Clive Morrison-Bell. Sir Clive was created a baronet in 1905. It thus happens that two brothers are baronets, his elder brother, Sir Claude Morrison-Bell, having succeeded their father, who was created a baronet

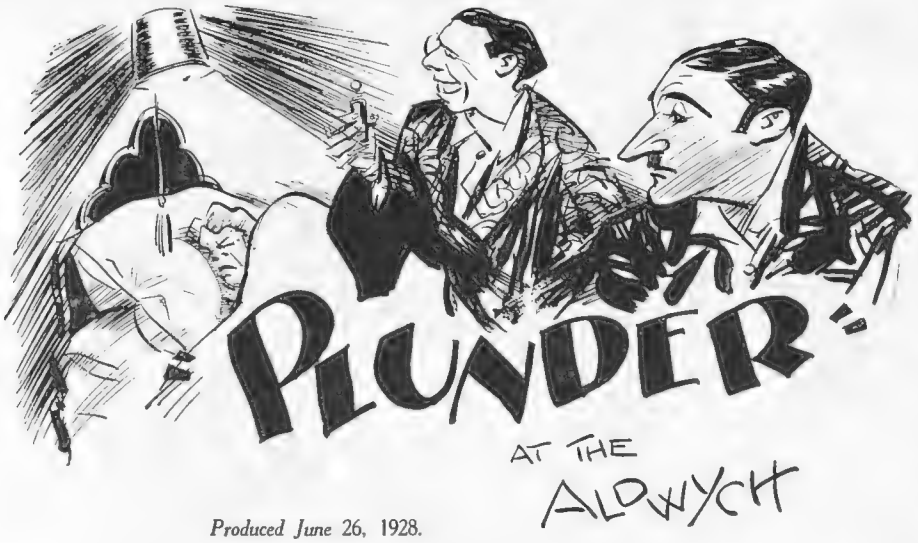
Photographs THE COUNTESS OF IVEAGH

Lady Iveagh successfully contested her husband's constituency, Southend-on-Sea, when he went to the House of Lords. She will entertain for the Dublin Horse Show at the beautiful Guinness House in Dublin

LADY TEMPLEMORE *Hay Wrightson*

A sister of Viscount Powerscourt and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell. Her husband, the fourth baron, has a charming place, Dunbrody Park, in County Wexford, and also a house in Hampshire

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS



Produced June 26, 1928.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a play with a Moral, and the Moral is: Be Honest! The injunction is given by Mr. Tom Walls in his character of Freddie Malone, who specialises as a thief of ladies' jewellery. But then, nowadays nobody is expected to practise what he preaches. We first meet Freddie at the house of a rich widow, Mrs. Hewlett, formerly Mrs. Veal. Mrs. Veal began by being housekeeper to Mr. Hewlett, who then married her, and made his will in her favour. After that, Mr. Hewlett just curled up and died. Now that we have seen his noisy and talkative widow we can well understand that there could have been nothing else for him to do. It happens that Mr. Hewlett has a niece in Australia who should have inherited his money; but if anyone wants to argue the point, the widow merely flourishes her marriage lines, and the last will and testament in the face of the objector, and there is no more to be said.

FREDDIE MALONE, as a guest at Mrs. Hewlett's house, is obviously not concerned with her legal status in any way. All that he knows is that the lady has inherited a quantity of valuable jewels, and whether they belong by right to her or anyone else matters little, because he proposes to steal them, and—possession is nine points of the law. He rather rashly takes into his confidence his old school friend, D'Arcy Tuck (Mr. Ralph Lynn), who has no experience of any sort in the art of burglary, and who may be confidently relied upon to make a hash of any enterprise of the kind in which he is invited to take part.

FREDDIE'S plan is to invite Mrs. Hewlett and her half-baked son Oswald to his desirable residence at Walton Heath, and to steal her jewels while she is wrapped in the slumbers of the just or thereabouts. He lives at Walton Heath with an alleged "sister," who is his able lieutenant in crime. She, for instance, can without comment intrude into the boudoirs of lady guests where a mere man would fear to tread, unless, of course, he had been confidentially invited. About this time we learn that Mrs. Hewlett has a brother-in-law, Simon Veal, who holds a horrid secret of her past, and is blackmailing her accordingly. Simon finds his way to Walton Heath, and has arranged with Mrs. Hewlett's son Oswald to be in the Lounge somewhere about three o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of receiving the usual cheque on account.

IT so happens that three o'clock in the morning is the hour fixed by Freddie for robbing his confiding guest. His arrangements have been completed with a nice skill. His "sister" will see Mrs. Hewlett to bed and will locate the jewel casket. Freddie and D'Arcy will

then enter the bedroom by the window, and while Freddie is collaring the swag D'Arcy will stand by with a doped cloth ready to drug the old lady into unconsciousness if she should wake up and express her very natural objection to the proceedings. Up to a point everything proceeds according to plan. It is at that point that D'Arcy sends the house into an explosion of laughter by taking a liberal sniff at the dope to test its quality, with the result that for some moments he has to hang on to the wall to keep himself from falling across the old lady's sleeping form and awakening her with a rush. But he recovers himself in time, and the theft is completed as per specification.

THEN a very serious complication arises. Simon Veal, while loitering about in pursuit of his cheque, observes a ladder against his sister-in-law's window, and climbs up to see if there is anything going on contrary to the spirit of the Ten Commandments. As he appears at the window, Freddie has the forethought to fling a cloth over Simon's head so that he will not be able to identify the principals in the burglary. Unfortunately, in the excitement, Simon loses his balance and falls through the roof of the greenhouse below with fatal results. This is a rather embarrassing feature in a roaring farce, because you don't know whether to laugh or to cry over it. The noise of Simon's crash awakens Mrs. Hewlett, and she at once calls for the police, and the fire-engines, and anybody else who can render first aid in the hour of her need.

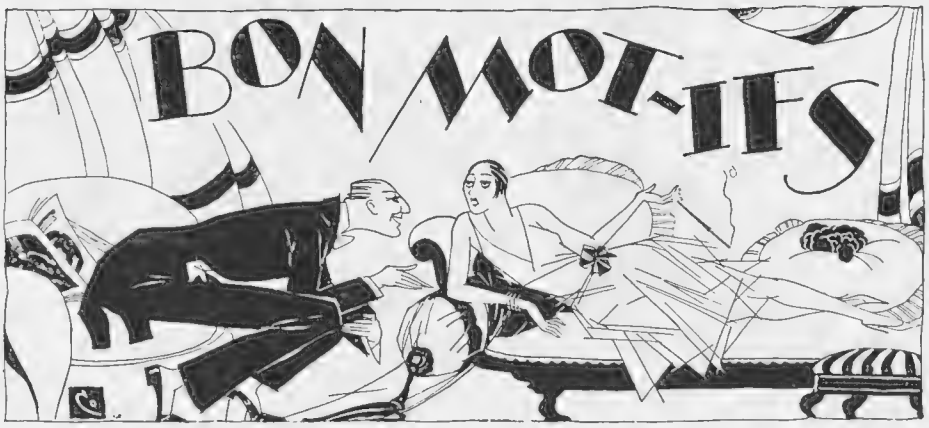
WE next see Freddie and D'Arcy at Scotland Yard, a scene that has doubtless been inspired by a recent event. They have been invited to call in case they should be able to give any help in the matter of the theft of Mrs. Hewlett's jewels, to say nothing of the unfortunate death of Mr. Simon Veal. Freddie answers all the questions put to him with an easy precision, and properly ridicules the suggestion that he had anything to do with either trouble; and then D'Arcy Tuck is called into the room, and our hopes run high. We feel sure that every time he opens his mouth he will put his foot in it, as Sir Boyle Roche would say, and an anticipatory ripple of laughter gets going accordingly. As it happens, D'Arcy, in spite of his general resemblance to the cheerful idiot, shows the wisdom of the serpent in his replies, and his success in confounding the police is greeted with encouraging laughter, and even cheers. A great many people nowadays seem to take delight in anything that weakens the prestige of the police, but of course it is not for me to impute motive, as they say in official debates.

THEN the plot straightens itself out swiftly. Freddie is back at his house at Walton Heath, and there he learns from young Oswald the reason for Simon's blackmail. Freddie at once summons Mrs. Hewlett to his presence and threatens her with police proceedings unless she withdraws all accusations made against himself and D'Arcy. After that it is an easy matter to suggest that it was Simon himself who committed the burglary, since dead men tell no tales. It is true that no jewels were found on Simon's body, but you don't have to worry about a little detail of that sort in a brisk little farce.

MOST of the fun is due to Mr. Ralph Lynn's impersonation of an amateur burglar with no qualifications for his job. It is usual in crime plays for the chief crook either to perish miserably at the end, or to be led off handcuffed on his way to chokey. In this play, however, we leave the two principals merrily discussing the division of the swag, with the clear inference that as soon as the affair has blown over Freddie will be at his nefarious work again. But no doubt a modern play is expected to rise above the "unctuous rectitude" of our fathers,

and the audience takes no pains to conceal its pleasure on learning that Freddie has baffled the police, and got away with the goods. The play ends with the moral injunction set out at the beginning of these notes, but clearly the author of the play considers that precept is better than example.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

To-day's hot weather reflection:
Girls wear but little here below,
Nor wear that little long.

. . . . . .

Mr. Maxton and Mr. A. J. Cook have joined forces. They are said to be as thick as thieves in Vallombrosa.

. . . . . .

To add to the amenities of the road gramophones are being carried on "sharrybangs." Oh, these "alarums and excursions"!

. . . . . .

We are told that the modern girl shows too much neck. But she doesn't mind. She just grins, and bares it.

. . . . . .

A correspondent wants to know whether there are any of the old-fashioned, black-faced comedians still performing at seaside resorts. Our office-boy declares that the answer is in the niggertive.

. . . . . .

Dogs are said to have their own special ways of communication amongst themselves. Terriers, we understand, favour the method of wire-haired telegraphy.

. . .

"Doris makes quite a lot of money by drawing."

"Well, she certainly looks a sketch!"

. . .

At a famous hostelry on Hampstead Heath a Mr. Francis Drake recently won a bowls competition. We wonder whether anyone informed him that "The Spaniards" were sighted.

. . .

Two Manchester burglars were surprised by a plumber while at his work. We should jolly well think they were!

A writer states that a holiday on the Norfolk Broads is both arduous and expensive. There is always a ketch somewhere.

. . . . . .

"Bobby, if you are bad, you will never go to Heaven."

"I don't know so much about that," remarked the youngster reflectively. "Grandpa was very bad for three weeks, but I'm told that *he's* now in Heaven"!

. . . . . .

For paying for an antiseptic at a chemist's with a dishonoured cheque a Liverpool resident has been fined. It's no use offering an I.O.U. for Iodine.

. . . . . .

From a Society paper:—"Another uninvited gust was expelled last week from a house in Mayfair." He, obviously, didn't get the wind up in time.

. . . . . .

Many of those landladies who advertise their apartments as "one minute from the sea" are either deliberately dishonest or half-seas over.

It happened at a village cricket match. The batsman stepped out to a slow bowler, and was stumped by a meadow. It was so obvious a case that there was no appeal, whereupon the batsman regained his crease.

The wicket-keeper then asked: "How's that?"

"Not out," replied the umpire.

At the fall of the next wicket the captain asked the reason for the umpire's previous decision.

"Well, sir," remarked the umpire, "'e wos out of 'is ground right enough, but you wos so long appealing that 'e'd time to get back!"

. . . . . .

Two old actors with a nipping and Bodega air met in the Strand. "Congratulate me, laddie," remarked the first; "I have clicked; wilt wine with me?"

"Excuse me, old fellow," remarked his friend, as they entered the pub., "but this is not the draught-beer entrance."

"Draught-beer be hanged!" exclaimed his host, and then to the barmaid: "Two of the largest whiskies in the establishment."

"Tell me the good news," said the out-of-work.

"Well," replied the lucky busker, "I find, according to instructions, that I proceed at my own expense to Runcorn, where we rehearse for three weeks. From thence we travel to Hebblethwaite, where we open for a week, and from there to Ipswich. Dear Heaven! laddie, if we can only get to Ipswich!"

"SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TR-R-R-OUBLED" By Rick Elmes

Impecunious Artist: "Well, at last I have the telephone in the studio!"

"Tell Me the Truth"—

STARR WOOD

—or the Saleswoman who could not tell a lie

THE BURGOMASTER ENTERTAINS TWO OF HIS CRONIES

ISABELLE, THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER (BARONESS FERN ANDRA) WITH HER GERMAN HUSBAND, OTTO HILMER (ROBERT ANDREWS)

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY AS CYRILLE VAN BELLE

A Famous Play on the Screen

That Sir John Martin-Harvey's war play, "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde" should be filmed was more or less inevitable, and it will be seen very shortly in the West End, having been produced by British Filmcraft Productions. Sir John plays, and plays unforgettably, his famous part of Cyrille Van Belle, the peaceable, garden loving Burgomaster who prefers to be shot by the invaders rather than allow an old servant to be unjustly executed

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS

No. XI—A SUSSEX SANCTUARY

"Many men do not want to be asked to admire the view"

NEVER having been here, I had always pictured in my mind the Worthing golf course as being parkland lying flatly somewhere to the north of that sunny coast town. Then one day a kindly destiny sent me there—and I was amazed at my own folly. I was astonished also and delighted by other things. And then I came back to Town at the earliest possible moment for one very simple but potent reason. And that was to bring a cynic back with me to confirm my own belief and share the general joy.

There are men in the world of golf—they are usually Scotsmen: this cynic of mine was—who get a certain course, or perhaps two courses, planted in their minds, and to them all the others, anywhere, suffer sadly by comparison with these strongholds of theirs, the like of which and the lure of which are *hors concours* in the competition for the prefix "best." My cynic replied: "*Worthing:* don't be silly, ol' man. No, I have never *been* there, but you don't mean to tell *me* that in *that* sort of country . . . ."

Yes, I did mean to tell him; and, well, in the end he came, grumbling. I can think of a score of cynics I should like to bring down here, if only to see their change of demeanour as the spectacle began to dawn upon them. For spectacle it is, and it is opened out to you in a very unusual manner. Briefly, the Worthing golf is utterly unlike any other golf you have ever played anywhere. And that to *blasé* men should be enough recommendation in itself. It begins with a sudden turn out of a motor car laden main road, a couple of miles behind the gay little town, to a lane running alongside a hump of one of the lesser Downs that begin to rise skyward here. This lane leads to a pretty old flint-faced Sussex farmhouse, now the Club House, whose outbuildings, once no doubt mainly cow-sheds, are given over to the dependencies of golf in the shape of caddies, Pro.'s shop, and vital matters of that sort. By the way, Ben Jeffery, the professional here, is thought so highly of by his patrons—and rightly—that he has been made an honorary member of the club with full privileges. One likes to see this sort of thing done when it is deserved, as it shows a fine sporting spirit.

Like so many good courses, its first hole tells you nothing. You walk up the side of a small hill to the first tee, passing the eighteenth green on your way, which will rouse pleasurable anticipation in you if you know anything about greens and their texture; and you drive more or less blindly up another hill towards the first green. Then having, perhaps, got your 4, you climb over a stile and proceed to the second tee. And here the astonishment begins. The second hole at Worthing is vividly reminiscent in character of the third at Royal Dornoch, though it is better in quality; and this is saying quite a lot about it to those who know that famous Sutherlandshire course.

The Downs and their exquisite beauty of line and smoothness of playing surface have now begun to fasten upon your delighted mind. But there is much more smoothness and beauty to come. From now onwards, continuously to the sixteenth tee, you play up and down and across one of the loveliest valleys surely in all Britain. And a Sussex valley, cupped in the hollow of Downland, is like unto nothing else in all the world. But, unlike many golfing valleys, you are not stifled with oppressive heat.

Colt must have revelled in the replanning of this place. He had so much ready-made to his eager hand. Velvety turf; greens prepared by nature; cunning hazards of the whale-backed hills; grassy hummocks for which you feel sure the Roman soldiery must at one time have been responsible (did they shed their togas and play some queer game hereabouts?) because of the propinquity of Cissbury Camp on the horizon of the hill top. Clumps of delicate little trees had he also, standing conveniently behind places where he wanted to make greens. These belts of trees protruding suddenly upon the vision after a hole or two of open Down are most refreshing to the sun-seared player. There was one such little cluster of trees on the edge of a green that Colt's golf architecture proclaimed as surplus to establishment and should be removed. But fortunately for golfing posterity the then Captain of the Club said an emphatic "No" to such vandalism. The very thought of it was frightful to him; and is to me.

I am brought up sharply at the 13th by a notice-board which bars my way:—"Are you replacing your divots?" Am I? Is my caddie? Dear, dear! But

what a good idea: for not one solitary sod of this Sussex sanctuary, hacked up ruthlessly by us, should not be instantly put back and pressed down, for all of these smiling fairways are precious things to golfers, and to those who will come after them.

And the crowning revelation is this. That having been given really GOOD golf in the bird-singing valleys, suddenly and with a charming frequency are you raised in your golfing progress to eminences from which all Sussex, seemingly, in all her summer loveliness, lies stretched below you. Many men do not want to be asked to admire the view when they are looking at their cards and wondering *why* that last hole cost them six. But few men will stand on these heights, however serious the consequences of their defeat, and not say "Great Scot! but isn't that marvellous?" or use a similar method of adulatory speech. And well they may.

"Are you replacing your divots?"

We have all played on a score of more of courses which boast views of the surrounding scenery. There is nothing new in this—or under the sun. But if you can persuade your cynic (as I did, for at about the eighth hole he was eating out of my hand) to pause for the duration of a cigarette—and two to the caddies—and let those blokes through behind you, and sit on this crisp turf on one of the heights and gaze to east and west and all about, it will be—well, one of the best cigarettes you have ever smoked in your life, because you will be utterly absorbed in the panoramic spectacle, completely under the spell of Sussex and devoutly thankful that a benign Providence brought you here.

No wonder they take £2,000 a year in green fees. No wonder their membership is continually increasing. No wonder they had to remodel the Upper Course, making nine more holes. So that now they have two 18-hole courses. One mainly in the smiling valley and one chiefly on the high ground. But both affording golf quite excellent in character, and both containing a scenic setting that is quite unique.

I am puzzled as to why they have not yet had a big Championship Meeting here? I do not mean the Open or the Amateur, for that would be too much to expect. But one of the lesser contests: qualifying rounds for some of the trophies offered by the big newspapers, for example. There is ample accommodation in the town to suit all purses and tastes, and a cheery bonhomie and hospitality, coupled with extreme efficiency, in the Club House that would make any such meeting here a very popular gathering with the giants of the game—or the giantesses, if such the latter may be called.

I am also glad that this happened to be for the moment the last of a series of courses upon which I was expected to mingle a little work with a little play. For after the second round I sat upon a smooth, very old tree-shaded lawn by the club house drinking tea gratefully. And there followed that pipe-smoking period of relaxation which comes to a man on summer evenings after exercise; a period when all things and most men seem good enough. Before me passed a medley of visionary holes, 36 and no two alike, and all highly commendable.

But over all of them lay that delicious Sussex scene, with its glinting, winking sea lying bluely quiescent beyond. And I tried to gather it all up in my mind piece by piece very carefully, and to stow it away, because I know there will come somewhere, some time, a non-golfing day when winter wind will scream round a wall and rain will lash out viciously at a window. And then I shall be able to trot out my "Sussex Sanctuary" picture and look at it, and love it; and then put it back against the next time when I shall want it—and the next. And it will do me such a lot of good each time.

D. L.

AT LA BAULE

H.I.H. The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia photographed with Sir David Dalrymple in the sunshine of La Baule. Sir David Dalrymple is Director of La Baule Golf Club

Something to Smile About

Ernst Schneider

MISS FAY MARBE

Contemplates with considerable satisfaction a pair of distinct assets. Londoners will remember her appearance in musical comedy some little time ago, but she has now transferred her allegiance to the films and is the central figure in a new German picture, "Young, Rich and Beautiful," which will make its appearance in London very shortly. This attractive American has a smile which has been insured for fifty thousand dollars

MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE AIRSHIP ITALIA. ON THE RIGHT IS THE MOTOR MECHANIC CECIONI, WHOSE LEG WAS BROKEN

An Epic of the Arctic

Photographs *I.B.*

CAPTAIN LUNDBORG ON THE ICE-FLOE DURING HIS ENFORCED STAY

GENERAL NOBILE (left) WITH PROFESSOR BEHOUNEK

The disaster which befell General Nobile's Arctic exploration party in the airship Italia and the difficulties encountered by the rescue parties of Finnish and Swedish aviators are still arousing great interest throughout Europe. The photographs on this page are some of the first to reach this country from the ice-floe on which General Nobile and his companions were stranded

L.N.A.

MR. W. L. HOPE LANDING IN HIS MOTH AT BROOKLANDS

The Contest for the King's Cup

This year there was a very close finish in the King's Cup Air Race, Mr. W. L. Hope, the air-taxi pilot, winning the Cup for the second year in succession. Mr. C. F. Uwins, whose compass went out of adjustment on the first leg, was three minutes behind Mr. Hope, and Miss Spooner, the only woman pilot in the contest, was third. The winner's machine was a Moth with the new de Havilland Gipsy engine

Planet News

MISS WINIFRED SPOONER, WHO WAS THE THIRD TO FINISH

Photopress

CHAIRING THE WINNER, MR. W. L. HOPE

GLENDALOUGH, IN CO. WICKLOW *I.T.A*

Photochrom Co

GIANTS' CAUSEWAY. THE HONEYCOMB

Summertime in Ireland

Few places can be more charming for a summer holiday than the Green Isle of Erin, and now that the country has quietened down after its former strife visitors are flocking to its picturesque beauty spots. The loveliness of Ireland's hills and loughs is beyond description—they have to be seen to be believed—while everywhere there is the amazing freshness of verdure to soothe the eye

THE UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY *Photochrom Co.*

THE SALMON FISHERY, BENBANE, NORTH ANTRIM

Photochrom Co

DUNLUCE CASTLE

Photochrom Co.

A VIEW OF GLENGARIFF

I.T.A

fit DUN

MADE IN ENGLAND

as

LOP

British as the flag

C.F.H. 110

"A PANDEAN MEASURE"

Francis Jay

"'Baas Sergeant is here, Baas. He wants to see Baas!'"

COINCIDENCE

A STUDY IN NERVES

By JOHN GURNEY

Illustration by MACMICHAEL

RELIEF, like a cool wave, surged over Murkisson's spirit as he slipped through the window into his familiar den. He glanced at the clock over the mantel, and was overwhelmed with surprise. It was but fifteen minutes since he had made his cautious escape from that chamber, fifteen minutes so crowded with events, so tense with anxiety, that they seemed like fifteen hours. Truly time was not a matter of minutes, but sensations, and in the brief quarter of an hour he had endured enough for a lifetime. It had been one long drawn out torment of apprehension. For all his careful planning, the possibility of disaster, the dread of the unexpected and the unprovided for, had been constantly with him. He felt utterly exhausted. Yet it was characteristic of the man that he ignored the clamant call of his tortured nerves for a whisky and soda, and rang the bell for tea. Fifteen minutes ago Siggispens, polishing the passage outside his den, had been called to the room. This second summons, which brought him back to see his master again, provided the nearest thing to a cast-iron alibi possible under the circumstances.

Well, it was over, and, please God, successfully over. Funny thing to invoke the blessing of the Deity on a murder! Yet surely even that blessing might be reverently invoked on the murder of a blackmailer. What was it that Gillies had said at the club last week? "If I had my way, the man who shot a blackmailer would be rewarded, not punished." That was fairly strong, coming from a magistrate. Of course, Gillies was pretty hot over the Carson suicide. Still, it *was* fairly strong. He had remarked so to Gillies.

What grim irony it was that the remark should be made to him of all people, Murkisson, who sat in the club chair with rage and resentment flaming cold within him, with the plans for the murder of Lipman cut and dried in his brain. It had taken a bit of planning. No use in murdering a man to avoid exposure and then getting caught. Was he safe even yet?

He must take hold of himself. There must be none of that. It was one of Lipman's own sayings that many a murderer was walking about the streets free of suspicion. That was the sort of thing Lipman liked to say. It was part of that cynical philosophy which made him what he was, all smiles and geniality to those who were not in his power, all relentless tyranny to those who were.

What a swine the man was! The outside world had no suspicion of that. To them he was the jovial club-man, always ready for a drink and a joke. Free with his money, too—other people's money. How many people would gasp with relief when they saw the news of his death? And how many, who had not suffered at his hands, would be horrified and sympathetic? The damned hypocrite!

Still, it had been his hypocrisy which made the murder possible. To the world at large he and Murkisson had been mere club acquaintances, meeting occasion-

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ally in bars, on nodding terms, no more. Those secret payments, which for five years had been a drain on Murkisson's resources, that secret terror, which for five years had made his life a hell, and been carefully hidden from the world. Since that one terrible interview, five years ago, the two men had never spent ten minutes together. That was part of Lipman's cunning policy. He had always avoided, in his own phrase, "unnecessary contact with his clients." He saw them when they handed over the notes upon which he insisted. That was quite often enough. And it was this habit of receiving payment in secret, and in person, which had made it easy to kill him.

Lipman, for all his joviality, was a creature of habit, as punctual as a town clock. At ten minutes past five on the last day of each month for the past year he had called for his money, coming to the back gate of Murkisson's own property, down a country track, and a hundred yards off the road. It was an ideal place for the meeting, quiet, secluded, and yet so near the main road that the big car excited no curiosity in the occasional passer-by. It was easy for Murkisson to slip down through his big garden, to make sure that the lane was empty, and to hand over the notes unperceived. And the fool never realised that the place was as ideal for a murder as for a meeting. Lipman had been alert enough five years ago. Lately he had been insolently confident and careless.

So Murkisson had planned his alibi. He had called Siggispens to the door of his den, and, on the pretext of developing photographs, had given orders that he was not to be disturbed until he rang. He had often done so before, and a roll of freshly developed films lay in the washing dish to corroborate his story—had lain there ever since last night. Siggispens would not leave the passage. Like all Zulus, he had a fixed and invariable routine, and on Saturday afternoons he always polished the passage. All Murkisson had to do was to slip quietly out of the window and down to the rendezvous. If by any chance Lipman had been very late—but he was punctual, as usual, for the last time.

Would he ever forget the sight of Lipman lounging over the side of the car! Murkisson had slipped his left hand into the inside breast pocket of his coat, the better to conceal the small automatic he had bought—was it fifteen years ago? Far too long, anyway, for the pistol to be traced to the seaside town where he had bought it, especially as he had never taken out a licence for it. And Lipman, hatefully confident, had thought, as he was intended to think, that Murkisson was reaching for his note case. "It's a pleasure to do business with you," he had cried, "you are always so prompt in your payments." And Murkisson had paid! With one swift movement he had whipped his left hand out of his pocket, and pushed the automatic against Lipman's temple. The little pistol had made no more noise than a whip, and, while incredulous amazement was still dawning on the detested face, the body slumped gently down into the seat. No need to feel the heart—that round blue hole was quite sufficient. Murkisson had wiped the automatic carefully, very carefully, with his handkerchief. No finger-prints! Then he had laid it down beside the dead man's hand, and walked quickly back to his den. No footmarks! No chance even for police dogs. There was a concreted water furrow running down through the garden and out at the gate!

And so he was safe. Lipman had gone to the Hell he deserved. The verdict would almost certainly be suicide, but even if it were not, there was nothing to fear. Not a trace of motive, not a trace of evidence. He was safe at last! Nobody had stirred. Siggispens, a retired and trusted police boy, would establish his alibi. He was safe——

There was a knock at the door, and Siggispens entered with his tea. "Baas Sergeant is here, Baas. He wants to see Baas!"

Murkisson's heart stopped beating, and only a rigid and habitual control kept him in his chair. Had he made some mistake? Had he overlooked anything? Nonsense! The sergeant in charge of the little police station a mile or so from his front gate often called on one errand or another. "Show him up, Siggispens."

Still it was disturbing. This afternoon of all afternoons. But stay! Wasn't it about the time they collected for the Police Orphanage? Of course. He would give a fiver this year, as a thank-offering. He reached for his note case, and his face went leaden grey. It was not in his pocket. In one instant his mind had flown back to the scene beside the car, to the wrench with which he had drawn the automatic. His pocket book, with his cards inside it, was lying beside the dead man in his car. His eye fell on the service Webley lying fully loaded on the desk beside the window. Irrelevantly he remembered that he did have a licence for that! . . .

"'Struth," said Sergeant Baxter, telling the story at the police station, "I never had such a turn in me life. I was just going in to get his sub. to the Orphanage, all smiles I was, 'cos he always gave us a quid, when there's a bang like the end of the world, and his brains spattered all over me toonic. An 'orrible mess it was. His head was lying on his note case, and it was fair soaked with blood. Funny how it got there, unless he'd dropped it before."

"It's all strange," said the C.I.D. man, "particularly that those two men should commit suicide at practically the same time and place. Do you think there was any connection?" "Not likely." The sergeant shook a thoughtful head. "Why, they hardly knew each other. Just a coincidence." J. G.

MIXED BATHING

A rogue's among the boys and girls,
Taking his morning dip,
Bobbing about, with tousled curls,
Capping each merry quip—
A saucy little rip!

A merry, mocking, madcap boy,
He makes a mighty splash;
The mermaids squeal for very joy;
Their pretty shoulders flash
With ev'ry dive and dash!

An imp of mischief! Boys, beware!
The rascal loves his fun;
His tricks may take you unaware;
His maddest deeds are done
Beneath the seaside sun.

Bobbing about, with tousled curls,
Capping each merry quip,
A rogue's among the boys and girls,
Taking his morning dip—
Cupid, the little rip!

Fred. W. Bayliss.

Round the Paddock at Sandown

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY HINDLIP AND THE HON. NANCY ALLSOPP

British Illus.

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE AND LADY BROUGHTON

Alfieri

THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE AND MISS HASTINGS

British Illus.

MISS BOYS WITH LADY CHESHAM

Alfieri

THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD WITH THE HON. ARCHIBALD CUBITT

There was a large attendance at the Sandown Park Meeting, and interest was naturally centred on how Fairway would shape in the Eclipse Stakes. The way in which he won the race by eight lengths completely restored Lord Derby's candidate to favour after his disappointing Derby. The onlookers had the advantage of attending the meeting on the picturesque Esher Course in ideal weather. Whether the runners approved of the heat is another matter, but some good performances were seen

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROU

The Second Tes

The Test Match between the West Indies and England at Manchester resolved itself chiefly into a duel between the West Indies bowling and the English batting. It has been made reasonably clear that on their present form the West Indies cannot equal our batting, but they made up for this to

Central Press

THE ENGLISH ELEVEN TAKING THE FIELD

Sport and General

G. CHALLENOR AND C. A. ROACH

Topical

G. CHALLENOR RUN OUT FROM A SMART RETURN BY HOBBS

Sport and General

ITH THE WEST INDIANS BATTING

at Old Trafford

some extent by the ferocity of their bowling, in which Francis, Constantine, and Griffith took a leading part. After the first day's play it seemed tolerably certain that the result would be in England's favour, and this was proved when the result was a win for England by an innings and 30 runs

I.B.

THE WEST INDIES SIDE GOING OUT TO FIELD

Sport and General

F. R. MARTIN GETS ONE AWAY OFF V. W. C. JUPP

I.B.

HOBBS AND SUTCLIFFE GOING OUT TO BAT

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"The pretty *avocate* requested a day for reflection"

MES AMIS,

WE are now engrossed in another version of the great "Should a Woman Tell?" controversy. It is astonishing how many forms this always interesting controversy can assume. In this instance it is a question of: Should a woman tell her address?—should she print it, that is, on her visiting card—politely referred to here as the "bristol." To risk its addition to the said bristol has hitherto been regarded as most improper.

"Who had got in touch with him"

S

En effet, most of the engravers, if requested to include a lady's address on the pasteboard they were about to adorn, would usually refuse, and without any mincing of words. They were not, they would say, a firm of that sort; they were not desirous (here an exhibition of the highest dudgeon) of including among their clients ladies who scattered their addresses *ici et là*. They were a *maison bourgeoise*, they were, and most determined not to incur the slightest reflection upon their reputation.

S

"IN consenting to your caprice," would say the most tolerant of engravers, "I should be committing a heresy. Perhaps you may find a colleague who is less scrupulous, as times are hard, but never as long as I live will my *maison* deliver such a bristol. I ask you, madame, to reflect before taking a decision that would place you beyond the pale of society."

"She adds her address in pencil"

SO you see that, courageous as the ultra-modern Parisienne may be, she has rather a hard nut to crack in trying to have her address inscribed on the visiting card. On her side, she points out that it is once more a question of a modesty that is entirely false. Those who desire to receive *visites galantes*, she remarks, are the first to conform with conventions, and would certainly suppress their addresses. But when she gives a card to new acquaintances it is with a view to reminding them of her name, and, generally, she adds her address in pencil; so why shouldn't it be printed there to start with? She can take care of her own reputation without the protection of the over-scrupulous engraver. We shall see who triumphs.

S

WE have been learning much that is new, and also enlivening, about that friend of our giddy youth, Paul de Kock. It had always been understood that Paul, that liveliest and sauciest of authors, though he wrote with the utmost frankness about the most piquant adventures, was himself quite a retiring, even shy, sort of fellow who sought safety in a precipitous flight whenever a gallant adventure threatened to come his way—which was fairly frequently. But the fact that a statue has recently been erected to his memory has led to revelations, thus proving that "statuefication" has its drawbacks.

"I would appeal to you, madame"

S

THERE is a certain sorrow, however, in learning, after being told that Paul revelled in *la joyeuse vie*, that one of his adventures, which had appeared so promising at the beginning, had a most unfortunate termination. It started by his being invited by a very pretty *brunette*, who had got in touch with him, to carry her off. He readily agreed, and she promised to be waiting, in a closed carriage at a lonely rendezvous, after dinner the following evening.

S

BUT the author, less bold physically than he was with his pen, began to have qualms, and he decided to confide in half a dozen friends with whom he was dining just before the projected *enlèvement*. Immediately one of

them volunteered to replace him, saying, "Write a letter of excuse for yourself and leave the rest to me." De Kock had scarcely time to say "All right" before the others cried out, "We're dying of hunger, and as Paul is the biggest *gourmand* he must get on writing the menu." In two or three minutes the letter of excuse and the menu were written.

S

THE friend, abandoning his dinner, dashed off to the rendezvous, saw the coach, gave the password, and jumped inside. Off the coach went, but the *belle*, disappointed by her companion's silence, became suspicious, and when she heard a strange voice she began to cry "Impostor!" The friend explained and gave her the letter, but she had no sooner read it than she boxed his ears and told him to run back to his "insulting" friend. The letter read:—"Madame, I love you always . . . For three that is enough . . . Your features are engraved on my heart . . . *Tête de veau naturelle* . . . But being unable to join you I send you . . . a lobster . . . who will express my regrets . . . either with sauce or with oil . . ." No wonder the romantically inclined *belle* was cross!

S

THE liveliest Society ball of the Paris Season has just been staged by the Comte and Comtesse of Pecci-Blunt in their magnificent *hôtel privé* in the Rue Babylone. It is usually alleged that the people of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain are the reverse from gay at their nominally amusing functions, but on this occasion, at any rate, they belied their sombre reputation. Students from the Quartier Latin could not have let themselves go with more *abandon*.

S

WHAT lingering stiffness may have been in the air vanished at midnight, when a quite original travesty was organised. The guests were called upon to compose a costume with *matériaux de fortune* placed at their disposal. These materials were of the oddest description, such as pans, sweeping brushes, vacuum cleaners—in fact, all the utensils from the kitchens and the rooms of the servants. Some of the combinations were most successful, even in the austerity of a salon, and all of them were funny, for the guests showed considerable ingenuity on this side. Consequently there was immense amusement, and the revellers continued to dance till very far on in the morning in these ludicrous, but greatly enjoyed, accoutrements.

S

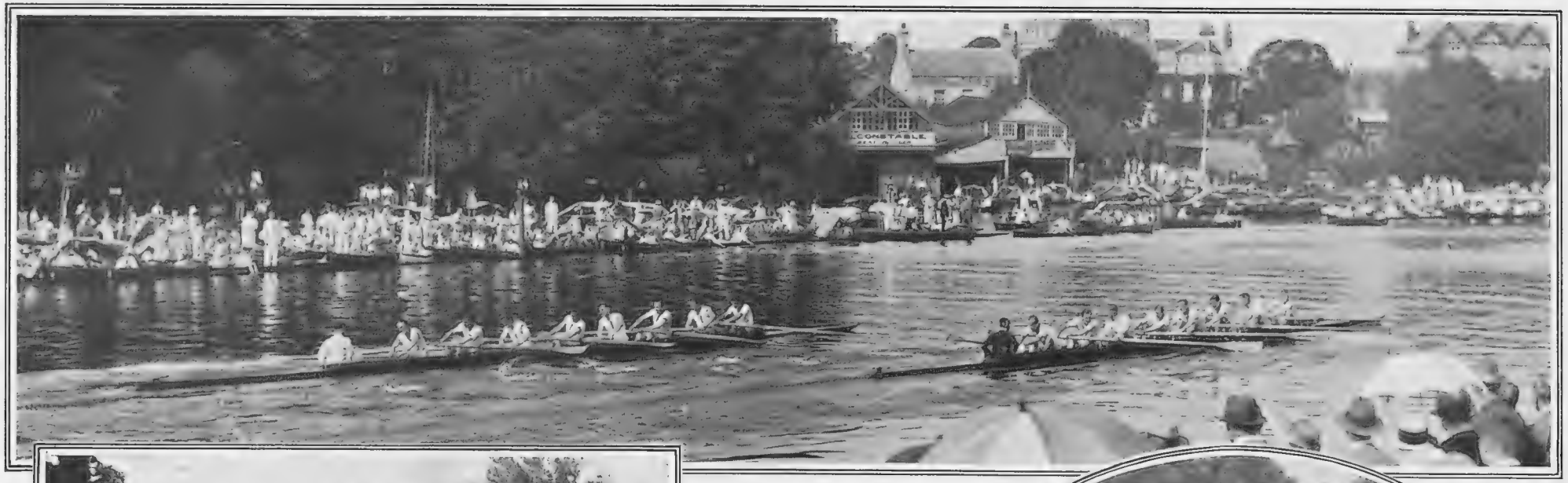
A PARIS novelist has given to one of the best-known Paris barristers the pleasant description of "*Celui qui porte bonheur à ses amis.*" It sounds almost a fitting title for one of the plays of Pirandello. There is a story behind it which seems almost too noveletish to be real, but its authenticity is vouched for. When the second wife of the novelist entered a suit for divorce he dashed to the chambers of his friend the barrister. Apparently inconsolable, he had a nervous crisis, leading almost to tears.

AT AIX-LES-BAINS

A photograph of Balliol and Merton, the two well-known dancers, at Aix-les-Bains. They are seen here enjoying the sport of aquaplaning on the Lac du Bourget

A PRETTY young woman barrister, secretary to the friend, tried to soothe him, saying he would soon forget this wife as he had forgotten the first one; but he sobbed, "You could not say that if you knew what a *femme exquise* she was." The inconsolable one paused for a moment, gazed on the sympathetic secretary, and then added, "There is only one woman who could make me forget the one for whom I weep; that one is you." The pretty *avocate*, finding this surprisingly sudden, requested a day for reflection, but on the morrow she was *fiancée* to the novelist.

RENÉ.



G.P.U.

LONDON R.C. BEATING THAMES R.C. AT MOLESEY

G.P.U.

A DEAD HEAT BETWEEN BEDFORD SCHOOL AND MAGDALENE B.C. AT BEDFORD

Riverside Days in Three Counties

This year's regattas have been held in real regatta weather, and have proved a blaze of colour. The top photograph shows London beating Thames in a preliminary round of the Senior Eights at the ever-popular Molesey Regatta. On the left is seen an exciting finish at Bedford, while on the right is a photograph taken at the Brigade of Guards' Regatta at Maidenhead

British Illus.

MISS BINNIE CACHAU (COX) WITH HER PAIR OAR CREW AT MAIDENHEAD

FLYING NOTES

A CLUB CAPTAIN

Capt. R. Johnstone, who is the captain of the Singapore Flying Club. With Capt. Chapman, he was the originator of this club

For the third year in succession the King's Cup has been won on a De Havilland "Moth," the speed having increased from 90½ miles an hour in 1926, 92½ miles an hour in 1927, to 105½ miles an hour this year. The new "Gipsy" engine, designed by Major Halford, has proved itself a great success; in addition to the winner, Captain Hope, this engine was used by Captain Broad and Captain De Havilland in their "Moths," which finished fourth and fifth. It is interesting to note that, out of a field of 37 starters, 34 machines were fitted with air-cooled engines. Every type of British light 'plane was entered, and there were several specially tuned racing machines, so that the handicappers performed their task well when one considers that the first ten machines home finished within 36 minutes of each other after a 1,000-mile flight.

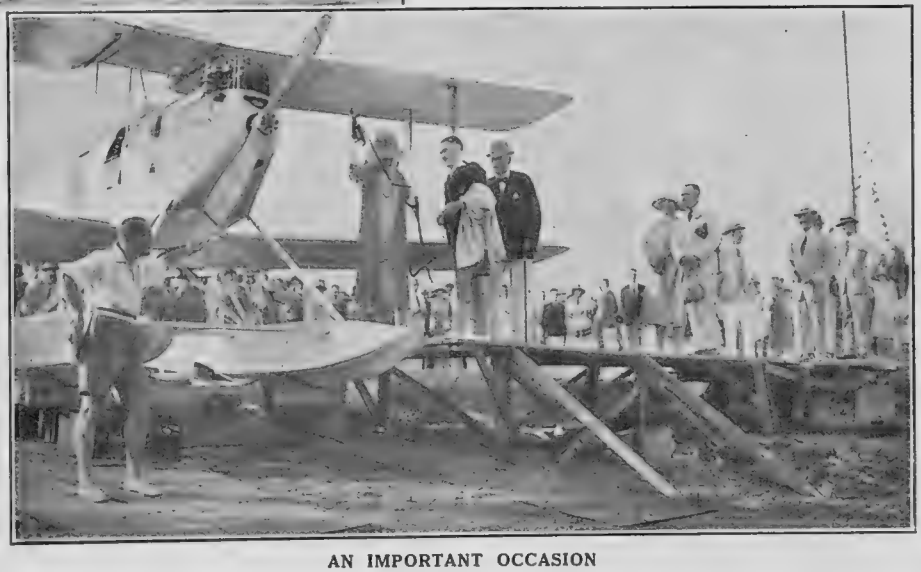
The Bristol Club have a new slotted wing "Moth" in full use; Mr. Tratman is giving his spare time to instructing during the absence of Mr. Bartlett. The Norfolk and Suffolk Clubs joined forces to give a flying display at Thetford, where a large aerodrome existed during the war. There must be hundreds of pilots who learnt to fly there from 1915 onwards who remember that awkward wood in the middle of the aerodrome, which had to be moved eventually because so many people insisted on landing on it or flying into it. Everyone is full of praise for the manner in which the clubs organised arrangements for the King's Cup, covering timekeeping, refuelling and hospitality.

The De Havilland School has just put in its record week's work with 280 hours flying, seven pupils carrying out first solos, one obtaining an A licence, and one a B licence, whilst nine new Moths were tested and the "Tiger" Moth took the air again in search of fresh records. Mr. Crabtree and Mr. Oliver have completed their night flying test

IN SINGAPORE

One of the Singapore Flying Club's Moth seaplanes The pilot is Flt.-Lt. D. V. Carnegie, who is pilot of one of the Southampton Flying Boats of the Far East Flight at present in Singapore

Miss Spooner, who won the Siddeley Trophy, is to be congratulated on a very fine flight, particularly as she was the only representative of her sex. The Blackburn "Lincock," fitted with an Armstrong Siddeley "Lynx" engine belonging to a new class of Service machine known as the light fighter, was piloted by Squadron-Leader Noakes, and finished tenth in the final order.



AN IMPORTANT OCCASION

A photograph taken at the opening of the Singapore Flying Club. Lady Clifford is seen christening the "Cherub." Beside her is Capt. Chapman and H.E. The Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford

at Croydon for B licences, so that the Henderson Flying School has now turned out five B pilots since the beginning of the year. The most flourishing joy-riding concern in this country is run by Mr. Fred Holmes, of Monkmoor Aerodrome, Shrewsbury, who has been operating now for eight years with Avros and D.H.6 machines.

For the first time in the history of civil aviation over 2,000 passengers have crossed the Channel by air during one week, and over the same period a total of 55 tons of goods were carried between England and the Continent. The Aerodrome Hotel has been officially opened, and there appears to be one thing only required to make Croydon a modern transport terminus, and that is a bureau for the exchange of foreign money. At most Continental air ports any recognised currency is accepted as payment for small bills, tips particularly being accepted in any change one may have handy, thus saving a great deal of trouble.

There is as yet no sign of a rebate from the petrol tax for commercial aircraft similar to the concession which was granted in 1920. The cost of flying has increased by anything from 6*d.* to 10*s.* an hour, depending on the type of machine used. A careful analysis of the cost of running a light aeroplane shows that 4*d.* per mile will cover maintenance, garaging, insurance, and petrol and oil for 200 hours' flying a year. Insurance is still the heaviest item, comparing air transport with motor transport, as the premium depends on the owner's experience rather than on the h.p. of the machine, whereas depreciation is very much less than in the case of a car, being as low as 25 per cent. after two years' hard work.

The Air Ministry call attention to the conditions under which civil aircraft may use Service aerodromes in addition to landings in case of emergency. Civilian pilots may land for refuelling in the course of a journey where no ordinary civil facilities exist, and passengers may be landed when they are proceeding to some place near the aerodrome concerned, although it is always advisable to obtain permission in advance if possible, as this prevents any misunderstanding or other *contretemps* on arrival.

C. E. Ward.

L.N.A.

FROM THE STAGE TO THE AIR

Miss Jessie Matthews, the well-known actress in "This Year of Grace," at the London Pavilion, photographed before her first lesson in flying. She is a member of the Mayfair Flying Club

Bystander Bridge

CHANGING SUITS By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Some players are very fond of opening new suits up to the Declarer, and, nine times out of ten, tricks are given away thereby. It is a kind of stage fright. The players see certain tricks in Dummy or marked with the Declarer, and cannot bear leading to sure winners. They accordingly switch to fresh suits with disastrous results.

Playing at a cock-and-hen club, I was afflicted with a partner who opened three suits against a No Trumper one after another. The Declarer had one stop in each, two of them rather precarious, and used his chance of establishing and making his own long suit, which lacked the Ace and King.

Whereas if my fair but erring partner had only stuck to the suit she first started she could have saved the game.

. . . . . .

Another example of this same form of madness was the following:—Y dealt at nil-twenty, and passed, as did B. Z's strong hand warranted a No Trump, and A suggested a speculative "Two Spades," but Z insisted on No Trumps, and held the contract.

S.—7, 3.
H.—10, 8, 6, 2.
D.—Q, 7, 6, 5.
C.—9, 4, 2.

S.—J, 10, 8, 6, 4.
H.—A, Q, 5.
D.—10, 3.
C.—A, 8, 5.

Y / A B / Z

S.—K, 9, 2.
H.—9, 7, 4.
D.—J, 9, 8, 4.
C.—Q, 6, 3.

S.—A, Q, 5.
H.—K, J, 3.
D.—A, K, 2
C.—K, J, 10, 7.

A began with the six of Spades, which Z won with the Ace from the King, and, putting Dummy in with the Queen of Diamonds, finessed the Clubs with the nine. A's Ace on the second round gave him the lead again, and he switched to his second suit (Hearts), thereby handing Z the game with a Heart trick in addition to two Spades, three Diamonds, and three Clubs.

Had A gone on with his Spades he would have saved the game. When B remonstrated A said, "You denied the Queen of Spades, so the Declarer obviously stopped my suit a second time, and I thought you must have the Hearts." A retorted, "Was my 'No bid' a sufficient reason for placing me with strong Hearts?"

. . . . . .

Most rules have exceptions. It is not surprising that it is occasionally better to switch from the original suit.

This will not happen very often, but it happens now and then. Here is a case. The hands were:

S.—A, Q, J, 2.
H.—J, 8, 6, 5, 2.
D.—J, 3.
C.—5, 4.

S.—K, 9, 7, 6, 5, 3.
H.—9.
D.—7, 2.
C.—A, K, 10, 8.

Y / A B / Z

S.—8, 4.
H.—A, 7, 3.
D.—Q, 10, 9, 8, 5.
C.—J, 9, 3.

S.—10.
H.—K, Q, 10, 4.
D.—A, K, 6, 4.
C.—Q, 7, 6, 2.

Z had dealt at love all and bid "One No Trump," though "One Heart" would be more consonant with modern principles of bidding; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Two No Trumps." All passed, and A led the five of Spades. Z won with his own 10, and started the Hearts with the King. On winning, B abandoned Spades, because they were stopped three times more.

In switching B luckily chose Clubs, saving the game with four Clubs and a Heart, whereas continuing Spades would have given Z the game.

'There she lies, decked out in all her finery. Skipper's below working out the course . . . What! reef down on a day like this? . . . ah, they've shaken it out . . . now they're away . . . wind's abeam . . . no, it's coming aft . . . they've rounded the mark. She's leading now . . . Hi! Hang on to that bottle, he's slipping . . . that's the worst of carrying passengers . . . got it? Good. Well, haul him aboard and pour him out a Worthington"

AN ARGENTINE WEDDING IN LONDON

Mr. Carlos Felton, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Felton, of Rio Gallegos, Argentine, and his bride, Miss Maude Rudd, photographed with their retinue after their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mrs. Felton is the daughter of the late Mr. J. E. Rudd and Mrs. Rudd, of Rio Gallegos

Femina

When is a Chair Not a Chair?

By MRS. M. VINCE

EVERYONE knows the old story of the shop-assistant who, when asked what an article on his counter was, said that it was a Christmas present. The other day at an exhibition of modern furniture and decoration I came across another version of that famous saying.

I WAS shown a remarkable carved chair, and after the attendant had pointed out its beauties and turned it round to be admired, she said, "Of course, that is a collector's piece. I don't think it would be very comfortable in the home." Then I was invited to sit down in another chair, and see how comfortable it was—an old-fashioned armchair with a rush bottom. Sitting there in the comfortable chair, with an excellent view of the "collector's piece" on the other side of the room, I thought that artists and designers may well be asked to be saved from the indiscretions of their exhibitors.

HOW deliciously absurd that phrase is! It is better, because it is really more absurd, than the phrase about the Christmas present. There are so many Christmas presents for which one never finds any real use, that one might, quite seriously, buy something for which no better description could be found than that it *was* a Christmas present — something which, when unpacked, would be looked at for a moment, admired, and then put away, something which would have no other use but to be a remembrance.

BUT whoever bought a new chair except to sit on? One might as well buy a new motor car which would not run, or a new pair of shoes which one could not wear. There are some pieces of furniture which lend themselves to fantastics, but about a chair there is something so solid and practical that it rejects them at once. If any piece of furniture can be imagined as objecting to going straight from the maker to the museum, and so be denied all its years of use, it is surely the chair.

AND yet I do not think that the attendant herself was being so absurd as she seemed. For I sat in that collector's piece before I went out. I think she must have sat in it too, and, having sat in it, I think that she was saying the best that could be said for it. It might perhaps have been wiser to say nothing at all; but I believe that she had discovered the dark and discreditable motive of the designer of that chair. All she was doing was to let the cat out of the bag. I believe that that chair, with its expensive wood and elaborate carving, had been made by someone who wanted to be admired, but did not care whether or not anyone would sit in it; who would really much rather have seen it in a museum than in a house. But the problem remains: "Why, if such were his feelings, did he make a chair?"

THAT phrase "Of course that is a collector's piece. I don't think it would be very comfortable in the home," deserves to be remembered, not only because it is amusing, but because of its practical use. It should go everywhere with anyone who is buying things for the house, from furniture for the drawing-room to the latest labour-saving ingenuities for the kitchen. It should accompany you to all shops, and still more to all exhibitions. It should be a refrain running continually in your head. It should be your talisman against the blandishments of the clever salesman. With that phrase you are armed against him. Ask him if what he is trying to sell you is a collector's piece, or if it will be of any comfort in the house, and he will not know what to say.

THE same phrase should be written up in letters of flame in the studios and workshops of those who design and make furniture. They should be continually asking themselves if they are thinking of the museum or the home, and acting accordingly.

IF we were all to keep that excellent phrase continually in mind we should very soon find a change for the better, a change not only in the furniture made for us, but in our own taste. Designers would design more modestly, remembering that they were working for the comfort of somebody's home and not to display their own cleverness, and we should find ourselves choosing more simply and practically. I know, of course, that this age prides itself on being, above everything, practical in the home. A little thought would add beauty to practicability.

MARRIED IN AUSTRALIA

Major Thomas MacLeod and his bride, formerly Lady Aurea Wace, photographed after their wedding at the Presbyterian Church, Longreach, Central Western Queensland. Lady Aurea MacLeod is an aunt of the present Earl of Carlisle. On the right is Mrs. F. Marshall, who gave away the bride

The right cigarette in the right company

DE RESZKE—*of course!*

D13.

A KENT WICKET-KEEPER By Mac

An impression of Ames, of Kent, who is one of the "finds" of the season. Apart from being a brilliant wicket-keeper, he is a fine forcing bat. He will be a strong candidate for the Australian tour

CRICKET

MY TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

THE first thought now in the mind of every follower of cricket is what will be our team to visit Australia. By the time this article comes out it may already have been selected. Quite three-quarters of the team seem, fortunately, to select themselves. Perhaps at no time since the War has England been so rich in outstanding cricketers, and there is really no need for hesitation in deciding on the half-dozen best batsmen for Test Matches, and the five bowlers most effective for the same purpose. First of all I must place Jack Hobbs as our leading opening batsman, although this season, through a strain, he has had to be absent from several matches. I have, however, complete confidence that he has sufficient stamina to stand the strain of an Australian tour, especially if he is more or less reserved for Test Matches, which will be quite feasible owing to the residue of batting talent at our command.

With him, of course, Herbert Sutcliffe must go first to the wicket. As an opening pair Hobbs and Sutcliffe are incomparable. During their last tour in Australia they performed marvels, and I feel sure, from the performances of them both this season, that the Australian bowlers are in for a bad time again as far as they are concerned.

Now for No. 3 in the batting order. Ernest Tyldesley has been in marvellous form this summer. He seems quite to have recovered from the injury to his shoulder, due to a motor accident in Jamaica during the winter of 1926-27, which undoubtedly handicapped him during the commencement of last season's play. Critics have described him as being somewhat stately in the field, but on his present form he is a magnificent batsman, who can not only show a stubborn and impenetrable defence, but, when he thinks it advisable, exhibit a perfect array of scintillating scoring strokes. I should, then, certainly choose him as my No. 3, especially as he has an ideal temperament for big cricket and a long experience of it.

Who is to go in No. 4? I should select Wally Hammond. He is surely the most sound, aggressive batsman at the moment in the country. His physique is magnificent, and he has youth on his side, and a courageous nature. Neither big cricket nor a crisis will frighten him. He should build upon the foundation laid by the three experienced masters who have preceded him to the wicket. He is a fine change bowler, and his fielding in any position is superb. Next to Jack Gregory, the famous Australian fast bowler, he is the finest slip I have seen in latter years.

My No. 5 would be either Mead or Hendren. Mead is supposed to be slow in the field, but put him at first slip and there are few better fieldsmen in that position. He is the hardest batsman to dislodge playing first-class cricket, and his value where matches are played to a finish in Australia seems to me incalculable, but some outfielders are absolutely necessary, and Patsy Hendren has few superiors, if any, in that position. He, like Mead, scores century after century in county cricket, and if he has sometimes failed in international cricket it is, in my opinion, a question of bad luck and not temperament that is responsible for his failures.

Either Percy Chapman or Douglas Jardine must obviously captain the side, and, whichever of them does, must go in No. 6. Jardine has shown wonderful form this season, and is obviously the best amateur bat in England. Chapman has played well, but has not quite shown the form he showed two seasons ago. Neither has had much experience of captaincy, but, in spite of that, no other two cricketers are really in the running for this position. It will be a very hard task for the Selection Committee to decide this all-important question.

Ames seems to me to select himself as No. 7 and as the England wicket-keeper. At the time of writing he has just had a marvellous fortnight of scoring, and I think Australian wickets will certainly suit his batting and wicket-keeping.

No. 8, I think, ought to be Vallance Jupp, who is a fine forcing bat, and the best right-hand spin bowler in England with the exception of " Tich " Freeman, who, of course, must also go in the side, and, with all respect to him, will occupy the eleventh position in my Test Match batting order.

Numbers 9 and 10 will be the two fast bowlers, Tate and Larwood. I think we are very lucky to have, perhaps for the first time in the history of English Cricket, two Test Match fast bowlers who are, at the same time, such really good batsmen, quick scorers with no mean defensive powers, who are capable of getting runs against really high-class bowling.

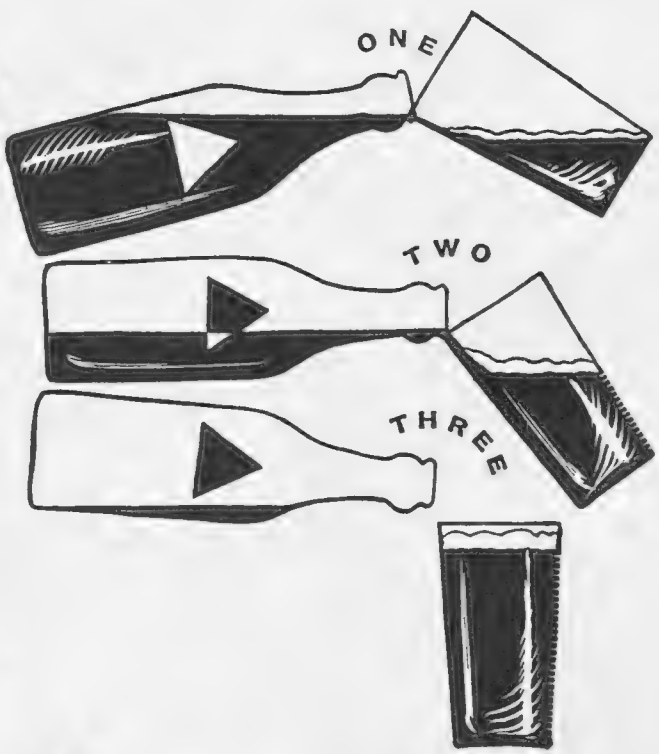
This side has, humanly speaking, no tail at all in the batting department. The order would therefore be:— 1, Hobbs; 2, Sutcliffe; 3, E. Tyldesley; 4, Hammond; 5, Mead or Hendren; 6, Jardine or Chapman; 7, Ames; 8, Jupp; 9, Tate; 10, Larwood; 11, Freeman. We have then five good bowlers in Tate, Larwood, Freeman, Jupp, and Hammond.

Now the important question of reserves arises. Presumably only sixteen players will be taken, and this leaves only three vacant places to be filled. We must have a reserve wicket-keeper and a reserve bowler of the highest class. This is absolutely essential. My choice would fall on Duckworth, of Lancashire, as reserve wicket-keeper. His performance in the Gentleman and Players match recently at Lord's was really a notable one, and he is no mean batsman. My reserve bowler would be either George Geary, of Leicestershire, if fit after the operation on his arm, or, failing him, Thomas, of Northants, who is the type of bowler to bowl untiringly all day without losing his length, an invaluable asset for Australia. Now for the last place we must have a batsman who is also a brilliant outfield. There are numerous candidates for this position, but, after mature consideration, I would give the last place to Leyland, who is also quite a useful left-hand bowler, and would be invaluable if there happened to be a soft wicket. Bob Wyatt, of Warwickshire, has very strong claims for a place in the side after his brilliant performances on the recent South African Tour, but as a specialist in the outfield is absolutely necessary and as he never fields in that position this would seem to make his selection very difficult.

NOTICE TO CRICKETERS!

August, 1928

ALWAYS POUR BASS—LIKE THIS!



ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass

TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope

THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here

And there's your Bass—Bass amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass————like this!

ALWAYS POUR *Bass*—LIKE THIS!

Lawn Tennis Here, There, and Everywhere

THE DAVIS CUP *Topical*

The Inter-Zone final of the Davis Cup Competition took place recently in Paris, when the United States beat Italy in the Doubles by 6-3, 6-1, 6-2. The photograph shows the opposing teams, Gaslini and De Morpurgo (Italy) and Lott and Hennessey (U.S.A.)

Topical

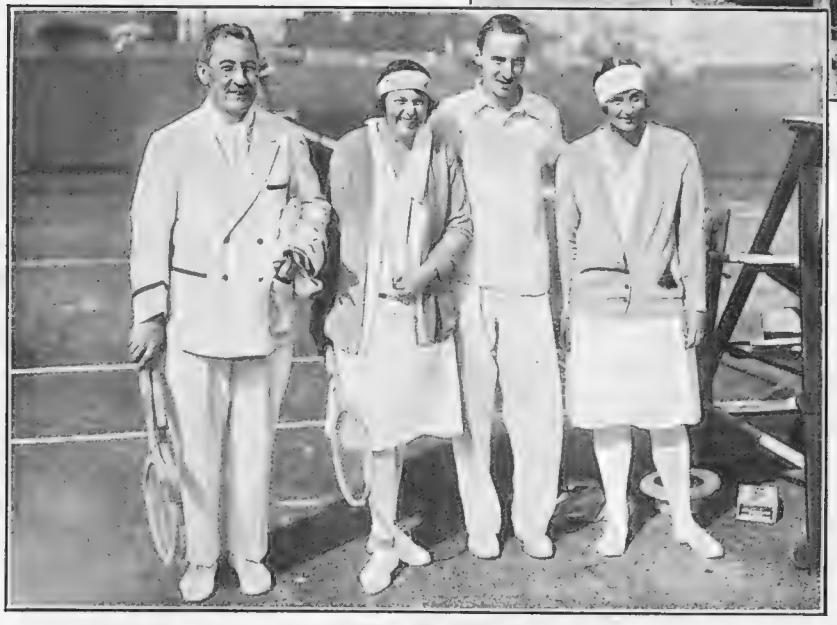
THE FRINTON TOURNAMENT

Miss E. H. Harvey, the winner of the Ladies' Open Singles at Frinton, when she beat Miss Eileen Bennett. Lady Batho, the Lady Mayoress of London, presented the Cups

Keystone

A PRESENTATION AT CARDIFF

Mrs. P. Lewis receiving the Cup for the Ladies' Singles at the Cardiff Tennis Tournament from Mr. Dan Radcliffe, J.P. The Men's Singles was won by Mr. J. C. Griffiths (right) for the fourth year in succession



TENNIS IN IRELAND *L.N.A.*

A photograph taken at the Irish Lawn Tennis Championship Finals on the Fitzwilliam Club's courts at Dublin. The finalists: Mr. Meldon (left), Miss Fleming, Mr. Pitt, and Miss Clayton

Now that the excitement of Wimbledon is over, the Tennis World turns its attention to the numerous club tournaments that are now taking place throughout the British Isles. In the Davis Cup, America defeated Italy, somewhat decisively, in the Inter-Zone final between the two countries

G.P.U.

MRS. C. SHARPE'S ALLULAH OF HILLERADON

Photopress

MRS. LEWIS WITH HER BORZOI MYTHE PETROV

"Me and My Dog" at Watford

The Watford Dog and Horticultural Show proved a great success this year, and there were some good entries. The Show was held at Cassiobury Park, Watford, and was opened by Lady Clarendon

Photopress

MISS EAMES WITH HER TRIO OF DALMATIANS

Alfieri

MRS. WYMER WITH SIMON REGIS

Alfieri

MRS. FRANKLIN WITH HER GREAT DANE HARLEQUIN

SHADOW PATTERNS

The village church of Bürgen makes an admirable subject for a study in sunshine and shadow. At Bürgen, legend relates, William Tell was born

CAMERA NOTES

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

Improving Prints by Toning

IF variety, as we are assured, is the spice of life, the photographic amateur surely misses an opportunity by filling his albums with black-and-white prints, ignoring the facilities which lie to his hand for obtaining a pleasing touch of colour by simple toning or staining. Even in the *élite* circles of photography the monotony of black and white is rapidly giving place to the beautiful warm blacks and brown-black tones of the newer types of printing paper. Being less bound by convention the ordinary amateur is free to ring more daring changes upon the browns, sepias, greens and blues, and, assuming a certain artistic discretion, his prints would probably be much more interesting and attractive if he did. There is a suggestive appropriateness in rendering, for instance, an open seascape or snowscape in a deep tone of blue; or a woodland or meadow scenes in green; whilst almost any sunny summer picture more tellingly suggests the desired effect with the aid of the warmth of a sepia-toned image or a tinted paper base.

Improved Toning Processes

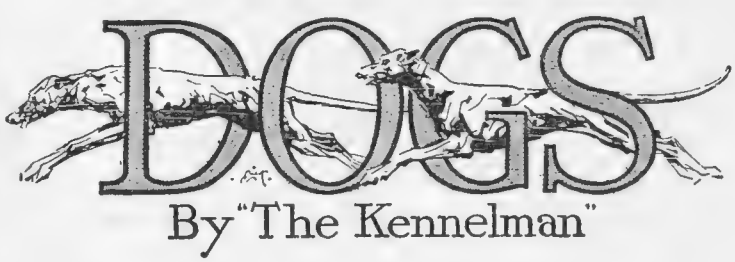
IN the past the toning processes have come into disfavour from the unpleasant tones produced by unwisely compounded toning solutions. This objection, however, cannot be brought against the special series of "Tabloid" toners prepared by Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome & Co. These may confidently be recommended as giving admirable tones, of brown, sepia, blue or green, so long as the very simple directions are carefully followed. The use of these toners, and even more so of the Soloid stains, represents quite the easiest operation in photographic practice.

Success in Toning

APART from the use of suitable toning solutions, the first essential in successful toning is to start with a good black-and-white print; especially one that has been fully developed, thoroughly fixed and well washed. In the case of Tabloid sepia toner it is necessary to begin with a print with good rich blacks, failing which a poor yellowish image will result upon toning; with the blue toner and also the Tabloid copper toner the image gains in density during toning, so that a rather light print is most successfully treated.

A Special Advantage

IN sepia toning the gain is not merely one of pictorial effect. There is the very practical gain that a sulphide-toned print is a print that will last indefinitely. Whereas an untoned bromide print may tarnish and fade away in the course of a year or two if it has been carelessly made, a print that has been successfully sulphide-toned will stand the most severe tests of time.



THIS is to be a great month for Dog Shows, and a biggish proportion of them will be staged in attractive holiday settings. Remembering that these exhibitions were unheard of before Victorian days, one does not look for very lengthy records; but October will bring the 67th annual Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace, and it's interesting to note that among next week's Bank Holiday Shows will be included Woodstock's 60th annual Show to be held in Blenheim Park: an ideal background.

There is good reason for the criticisms that have recently been passed on magistrates for imposing little more than nominal fines, where imprisonment was handsomely deserved, in cases of gross cruelty to animals. They are to blame, also, in another respect, notably where cruelty to Dogs is concerned; and that is in neglecting their right to order the removal of the injured animal from the custody of the offender. A fine of a few pounds is a glaringly inadequate punishment for an act of revolting cruelty; and it's obvious that justice and humanity are poorly served by leaving a Dog in the hands and at the mercy of the person fined. The magistrates here have a clear duty to perform, and the pundit who neglects it comes near to being accessory to further acts of cruelty. Better the lethal chamber for any Dog than life at the mercy of a pervert.

Nervy hyper-sensitiveness is not confined to humans, and, especially among prospective mothers of high breeding, it often crops up in Dogs. A little while ago one of these aristocratic canine mothers-to-be developed a positive loathing for the excellent sleeping bench provided for her. The services of a well-known London firm of hammock and garden-chair makers were called in, and a canvas hammock bed made to the breeder's own design. The bitch took to this, like an otterhound to water, and all went well in the matter of the expected domestic event. Afterwards, the breeder ordered a further supply of beds of the same design, and advised the makers to put it on the market. This they did (its registered number is 726283), and already the bed has been adopted in some of the leading kennels of the country, with uniform success. It consists simply of stout canvas (like sail-cloth) stretched on a steel frame, raised a few inches from the floor. A more comfortable Dog-bed you couldn't imagine; it folds flat, is as portable as an umbrella, excellent for use out in the open, a complete protection from ground-level draughts, and—here's an important point — it makes for the most perfect cleanliness; as easily washable as a plate, and all visible at a glance. Blankets and carrying bags are provided to fit the different sizes, which range from 18 inches to four feet; or say, from Pekingese to Wolfhounds—a really admirable invention.

That justly respected journal, *Our Dogs*, has recently published, by its "Doggy Lawyer," some striking disclosures regarding the nefarious methods of certain so-called Dog shops and Dog dealers; not alone touching the old dodges of faked pedigrees, and such-like tricks, but of horrid ways of keeping Dogs (often diseased) out of the sight of possible customers. Even the lot of those displayed in cages in shop-windows is often miserable enough in all conscience. The journal suggests as a way of avoiding victimisation that purchases should be made always through its Deposit System, which no doubt is a useful safeguard for the buyer. There is also another. A Dog is a person, not an inanimate object; a future companion, not a mere piece of merchandise. Why buy across a counter? Get the names of reputable breeders in your own county; choose your Dog in his own home surroundings. It's always an interesting experience; safer and more comely than any cross-counter chaffering.

"Aye ready!"

D'ye no ken I'm waitin' for ma Melox? I wouldna' miss a feed o' Melox. I ken weel it keeps me braw an' bonnie — an' it costs nae mair to hae the best.

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LITTLE FELLOWS

Careful feeding is always necessary.

Feed regularly on KEN-L-RATION and be sure to take a few tins with you when you leave town for the week-end. Don't leave him behind pining for you.

Don't forget the tin opener!

CHAPPEL BROS. Ltd. (Dept. M) 28, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Ken-L-Ration

DOG MIXTURE In Bottles from 2/6

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IRELAND *First*

Dublin August is a glorious holiday time in Ireland. The countryside is at the height of its Summer beauty and Dublin is *en fête* from the 5th to the 26th, the period of the World-renowned Horse Show and the Second revival of the Tailteann Games. The Capital is surrounded by charming Seaside Resorts and beautiful scenery. After the Games and Show finish up with a tour of Ireland's Beauty Spots in the South and West.

Cork & Kerry The Southern Capital on the charming River Lee. Surrounded by delightful holiday haunts. Coastal resorts of the county provide Europe's best Sea Fishing. Rivers offer equally good sport. Kiss the Blarney Stone. See Glengariff—Cork's World-famous Riviera. Then on to Kerry. Mountains, Lakes, Cliffs, Rivers, Woods—blended as nowhere else in the world—that's the Kingdom of Kerry with its royal seat in Killarney, the supreme gem of natural beauty.

Connemara Spend glorious days in Connemara—the Golden West. Mountains and Lakes in endless profusion and amazing variety. Delightful Seaside Resorts. Golf. Fishing in River, Lake and Sea. Bathing in Atlantic Breakers. Shooting and Hunting. Prehistoric remains. Early Christian Ruins. See Galway, with its interesting relics of old-world greatness. Visit Achill, the largest island off the Irish Coast. See the Cathedral Rocks, the Seal Caves, and the Cliffs of Menawn and Croaghaun.

Donegal & Sligo Come to Donegal and Sligo—the wonderful North-West where Ireland is the Ireland of a hundred years ago and where first-class sport can be had almost for the taking. Enjoy the sublime grandeur of the Irish Highlands. See Lough Gill, "The Killarney of the West." Golf at such famous centres as Rosapenna, Bundoran and Rosses Point. Fish at such well-known haunts as Glenties or the Rosses or scores of others off the beaten track.

Suggestions for a Holiday in any part of the Irish Free State on application to Irish Tourist Association, O'Connell Street, Dublin, or Irish Tourist Bureau, 7 and 8, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

HOTEL ROYAL-HAUSSMANN

The latest addition to the first-class hotels of Paris. Combines beauty with dignity, and the quiet that one likes to associate with one's own home. Close to the Opera, the Rue de la Paix, and the principal theatres. Renowned cuisine.

Inquiries cordially invited

A. Mella, Manager

2 and 4, Boulevard Haussmann (Boulevard des Italiens)

PARIS

By "The Tout"

"HURLINGHAM IN THE HEAT WAVE"

The Empire Cup, given by the Prince of Wales, was played for at Hurlingham by sides representing Ireland and Hurlingham, and was won by the latter by seven goals to two. In spite of the great heat the game was keenly contested, especially in the earlier stages of the match; the Club side eventually winning somewhat easily. Major Kirkwood hit the only two goals scored for Ireland. Sir Harold Snagge afterwards presented the trophy to the winning team

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Handicapping

As is usually the case towards the end of the London season, the handicapping committee have been endeavouring to put their house in order so far as the ratings of players are concerned. In many of the tournaments this summer the official handicap has worked out rather badly, but it is impossible for the handicapping committee, which is composed of Lord Wodehouse, Major J. F. Harrison, and four other members representing Army and County polo, to keep pace with the variations of individual players. Everybody knows the vastly important part which ponies play in the game. One man who is worth six points when mounted on his best ponies will not be worth half his official rating when he is riding indifferent or green ponies.

Some Changes

The committee have not provided us with any startling changes this time. I notice they have restored Mr. S. Sanford to the position he held last season, namely, seven points. I am not surprised that this decision has been arrived at, because "Laddie" has put up some remarkably good games this year, particularly in the Champion Cup. Apart from the fact that he is superbly mounted, Mr. Sanford has improved enormously in his hitting during the last few seasons. He possesses what may be described as the polo eye; in other words, when he takes a shot at goal the ball rarely goes very far from the mark. An example of rapid changes in polo form was forthcoming in the recent match for the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh, where El Gordo defeated Mr. Sanford's team, the Hurricanes, in a style which was amazing to those who had seen these teams meet with an entirely different result in the final of the Champion Cup.

Not Fit Yet

As a rule, some good reason can be found when calculations are upset in this manner. This time the Hurricanes owed their defeat primarily to the fact that Wing-Commander P. K. Wise was considerably below his best form. It was his first match since his severe accident, and his lack of practice was glaringly apparent. His inaptitude upset the whole combination of the champions. Mr. Desmond Miller, who had helped the Hurricanes to carry off the highest honours of the game at Hurlingham, assisted his regiment to regain the Army Championship, and was in the winning team of the Subalterns' Cup—a brilliant treble for this young player—has been recommended for promotion on the official handicap list. This means he will now be a six-point player. To judge by the consistently good form he has displayed all through the season, young Miller will go still further in the game. His commanding officer, Colonel Vivian Lockett, has been dropped a point in the handicap, and is now seven. He has not found it possible to play quite as much polo as usual during the summer.

Promoted

One of the best of the Army players, Capt. Selby McCreery, has been promoted to seven points, which is probably in recognition of the excellent exhibition he gave in the Empire Cup match. I was fully prepared to see Captain H. N. Scott Robson advance a point on the official list, for he has been one of the most consistently successful players at the London clubs during the past three months. He has played for a good many different teams, and on no occasion can he be said to have let the side down. On his best form, indeed, it is questionable whether he is still not a trifle under-handicapped at six points. Among other players of the game in Army teams, we have to congratulate two members of the Royal Artillery team, Captain C. W. Allfrey, and Captain H. G. Morrison, on well deserved promotion. The two Captains Fanshawe, who did so well in the final of the Inter-regimental Tournament, both go up a point, and so do Captain Norton, the 16th/5th Lancers, and Mr. R. B. Sheppard, of the 7th Hussars.

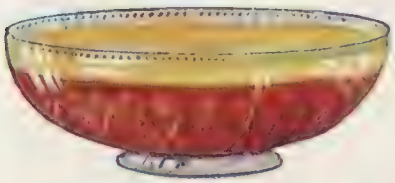
On the Continent

Hurlingham is now closing down so far as its polo is concerned, but General Marchant, who manages the polo there, will continue to have a busy time for several months. He has been appointed manager of the polo at Deauville and Biarritz, at both of which places the game flourishes exceedingly well during the season. Special inducements are being held out to British players to take part in the coming tournaments at Biarritz, where the grounds are among the best to be found anywhere on the Continent.

Rowntree's Table Jelly Delights

The Rowntree Jelly Recipe Book, showing these and many other delicious dishes — all tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute—will be sent free for a postcard to Rowntree's, York. (B.6. Dept.)

Rowntree's Table Jellies in 10 varieties: Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Greengage, Blackcurrant, Cherry, Lime Fruit and Vanilla.



GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE.

Stew 1 lb. gooseberries with sugar & enough water to cover. Strain; place in glass dish. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in ¾ pint gooseberry juice; pour over fruit. When set, cover with custard or whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE.

Chop finely one small tin Pineapple. Make up juice with hot water to ¾ pint, and dissolve in it 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly. When half set, whisk into a light sponge. Add well-beaten white of 1 egg. Then stir in fruit. Pour into wet mould lined biscuit fingers. Leave to set.

FRUIT JELLY DAINTY.

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Jelly in ¾ pint hot water. Put aside a small cupful. When remainder is cold, but not set, stir it with ½ pint milk; pour into border mould. When set, turn out. Fill centre with the cupful of jelly, turned out and chopped.

ORANGE OR LEMON SHERBET

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Orange or Lemon Jelly in ½ pint hot water. When cold, but not quite set, gradually stir into ½ pint milk and allow to set either in a wet mould or custard glasses.

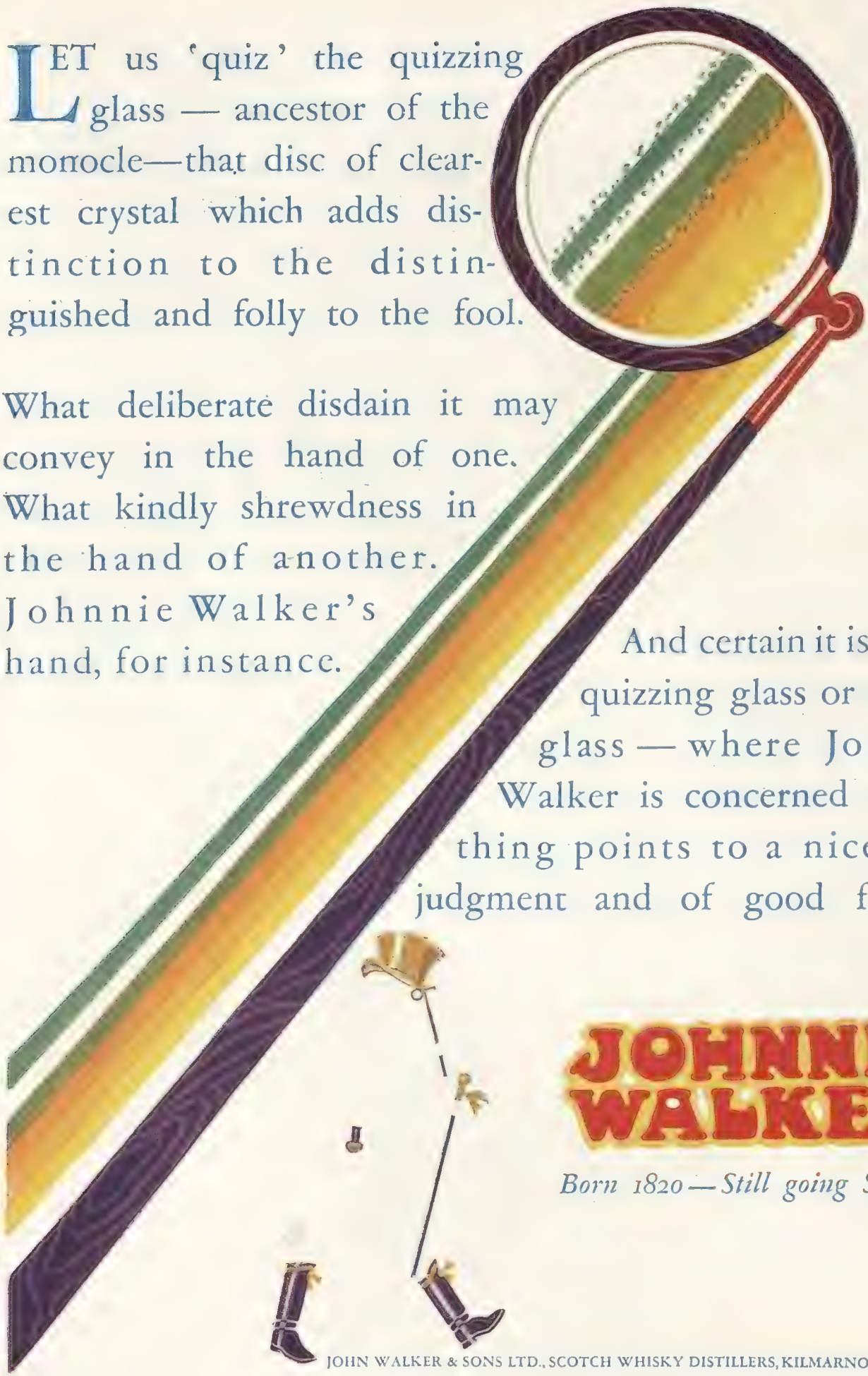
CHERRY SPONGE

Stew ½ lb. cherries gently with a little water and sugar. Strain and stone. Make up syrup with hot water to ¾ pint; dissolve in this 1 Rowntree's Strawberry Jelly. When almost set, whisk to a light sponge. Add cherries, stir; pour into wet mould; leave to set.

LET us 'quiz' the quizzing glass — ancestor of the monocle—that disc of clearest crystal which adds distinction to the distinguished and folly to the fool.

What deliberate disdain it may convey in the hand of one. What kindly shrewdness in the hand of another. Johnnie Walker's hand, for instance.

And certain it is that—quizzing glass or fizzing glass — where Johnnie Walker is concerned everything points to a nicety of judgment and of good feeling.



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Born 1820—Still going Strong!

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

MOTOR NOTES

By
E. M. WRIGHT

A PICTURESQUE SCENE

A 20 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam Coachbuilt Saloon photographed outside the ruins of Lilleshall Abbey, Shropshire. This ancient abbey was founded in 1145 and was reduced to ruins during the Civil War

IN WORCESTERSHIRE

On the road leaving Chaddesley Corbett, a typical Worcestershire village. The car is an Austin 16 h.p. Light Six

THE 23rd annual report of the Automobile Association shows that on April 30 last the membership was 365,164, as against 326,459 at the same date last year. During the year 400 applications for appointments as official repairers were received, of which 297 were granted, 134 appointments being terminated. 10,023 road signs of various types were erected, bringing the total put up since 1907 to 64,809. A new feature is the A.A. Safety Post, which, by reflecting a red or white signal, shows the proximity of cross-roads, or other danger spots, after dark. Special attention has been given to touring abroad, and solid progress has been made in co-operating with foreign motoring bodies. The A.A. has been fortunate in getting the B.B.C. to broadcast its weekly road reports for tourists every Friday evening, thus repeating what is published in most of the larger London newspapers.

* *
*

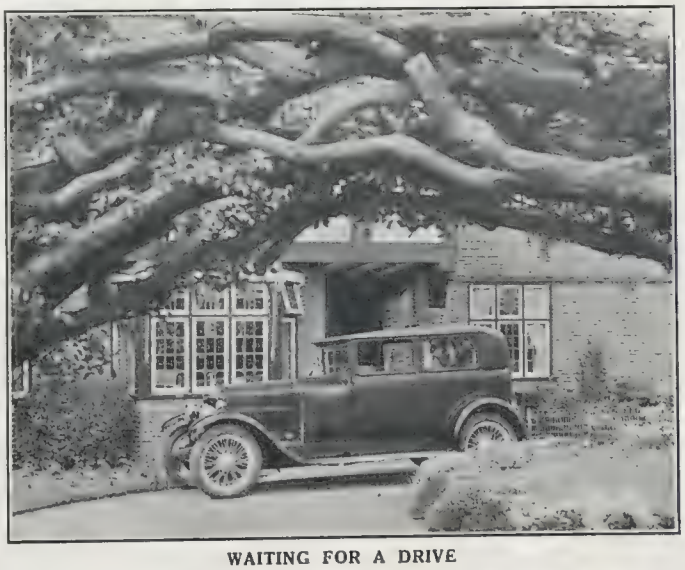
QUITE a novel demonstration of hardiness in a motor car was given by Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., near their works at Luton recently. Amongst many arduous tests, the one that naturally aroused greatest interest was that of pushing the car over the edge of a steep bank so that it turned over and somersaulted down the hillside. When the car reached the foot of the bank the driver in charge got in and drove off in perfect comfort, demonstrating that chassis and body of this 20-60 h.p. Vauxhall are about the strongest and safest unit ever offered to the public.

* *
*

OTHER tests included climbing a very rough gradient of 1 in 2½ and negotiating extremely knobbly ground, mowing down grass, shrubs, and other obstacles in its progress up an incline of an average of 1 in 4. A short bank similar to what might have to be negotiated on Colonial roads after a wash-out was also negotiated. The Vauxhall in question was a standard model in every respect; the only attention given before allowing it to roll over down the bank was to turn off the petrol in case of fire and to plug the battery so as to prevent damage from spilt acid.

* *
*

OLYMPIA casts its shadow before. I learn that the draw for stand positions at the next motor show has already taken place. The Singer Company had its usual bad luck and drew much the same cramped position as usual at the side of the main hall. Whereupon Mr. W. E. Bullock, the managing director, with characteristic enterprise, astonished the meeting by choosing a good position in the New Main Hall instead. This section, which opens on to Hammersmith Road, is usually occupied by the smaller concerns, and has so far housed none of the bigger people. "My object," said Mr. Bullock, when referring to his novel move, "is to give the public a chance of getting at our exhibits. The New Main Hall is much less crowded, the lighting is very good and I feel that we shall be better off in a good position there than in a second-rate place in the main hall itself."



WAITING FOR A DRIVE

A new 15·7 Crossley "Shelsley" Fabric Saloon. In this model the makers have concentrated on the highest quality of fine workmanship

* *
*

FOR owner-drivers with small experience I can thoroughly recommend a most useful booklet, entitled "Your Car—How It Works," as the simplest and clearest publication of its kind. Every part of the engine and chassis is adequately dealt with, and many helpful illustrations are included. There is also a chapter on the electrical lighting and starting system, which will appeal to the novice. The publishers are Iliffe and Sons Ltd., Tudor Street, E.C.4, and the price 1s. 2d. post free.

IF NATURE NEEDED A MODEL

from which to evolve real pearls, we have no doubt she would copy Ciro creations. If you knew, Madam, how often real pearls are believed to be Ciro Pearls you would surely hesitate to expend thousands, or even hundreds, on natural gems that may be more rare, but cannot look more lovely.

Ciro Pearls

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a 16-inch necklet of Ciro Pearls with gold clasp. Wear it for a fortnight and if it does not give you entire satisfaction we will refund your money in full.

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DEPORTMENT

Notice the dancers, their slim, graceful figures. Their deportment is to be envie and yet everyone can have a contour as charming—not by the old Victoria methods of Bones and Laces, but naturally, by the joyful youthgiver—Dancing Dancing properly executed will give poise and mould a lithe, youthful figu In London there is a man who knows dancing in all its branches, who is fam throughout the world as a dancing Producer; he is—Max Rivers. Under h guidance you may acquire the art of Dancing and Deportment. Write to-da for particulars of the wonderfully instructive courses given at these Studi

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Splendid Terrac facing the Ocean
Numerous Attractions.
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Cinema.
Saturday Galas.

First Class Restaurant & Bar

Luxurious Swimming Pool & Hydropathic Equipment.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Robert Heath uses felt and pedal straw for the hat in the corner. Coq's feathers trim the one below, and velour and petersham ribbon are responsible for the third

For Cowes

AFTER such a strenuous Season as the one that is now coming to an end, the thought of Cowes, with its refreshing sea breezes and the delightful out-of-door functions which take place ashore and afloat, is particularly alluring. The real enthusiast will wear with her Regulation costume, which consists of a double-breasted navy blue flannel coat, and a cream serge skirt, a white wool sweater exactly like a man's. This may be absolutely devoid of colour or it may have vivid bands at the hem. At the numerous dances which will take place during the Regatta the loveliest of summery evening frocks will be worn; about these I wrote last week.

For the Moors

THEN, after resting for awhile by the sea, off we shall go to the Moors. Women are even now giving earnest thought to their shooting suits and their tweeds. That is why every day numbers of them visit Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. On the seated figure at the foot of this page is an Inverary cape, with sleeves. It is made of Aquascutum cloth, which is thoroughly waterproof, though it contains no rubber. It is available in plain or overcheck materials, and the cape is lined with silk. The second coat is called the "Bute" and is of beige camel fleece. It is very light and warm, and would be ideal for travelling.

For the Country

NOT by any means the least of the delights of the early autumn are the country-house visits which must be paid. When planning what hats to take one inevitably decides that Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, S.W., must be consulted. Illustrated at the head of this page are three excellent suggestions. In the corner is an informal looking hat of fur felt, trimmed with fine pedal straw in a contrasting shade. Beneath it is an intriguing pull-on in cedar-brown felt, slit at the side front, and ornamented with coq feathers. On the right is an early autumn mode which is expressed in black velour.

An Inverary cape of Aquascutum cloth is a useful acquisition, for, in addition to being warm and very smart, it is weatherproof

Camel fleece makes light and exceedingly warm coats for travelling or sports. This one comes from Aquascutum, Regent Street

Sketches by Beta

Pure Irish linen appeals to all women. These lovely things come from Anderson and McAuley, Belfast

The Dublin Horse Show

THIS is Dublin's great week, for the Horse Show is being held, and from all over the world people are flocking there, for it is in every sense an international affair. As far as the feminine contingent is concerned, clothes are as important as the horses, for every woman dons her very smartest garments in honour of this auspicious occasion.

Ireland's Fame

WITTY tongues, lovely complexions, and fine linens are the three things which immediately leap to the mind in connection with Ireland. And it is in search of the last mentioned that all women go whenever they visit that fair country. Anderson and McAuley, Donegall Place, Belfast, have pure Irish linen tea-cloths, elaborately hand-embroidered and one yard square, for 11*s.* 9*d.* each, or table sets (thirteen pieces) in Irish linen, decorated with cross-bar stitching, are available for the same price. Anybody would be proud of owning their lovely sheets, pillow-cases, and other household linens. Very opportune is the chance of securing for 12*s.* 11*d.* dress lengths of "Nilcrush" linen in charming colours, hand-worked in distinctive designs.

An Irreproachable Habit

WHO, with the pride of the true horsewoman in her veins, could fail to appreciate the workmanlike appearance of the habit coat of dark blue whipcord sketched at the foot of this page? It has a trim one-button fastening and no front seams, but there are three seams at the back and two back slits. It hangs straight from the shoulders, just clearing the horse's back. It has been built by Roberts and Carroll, of Cork Street, London, who have gone to Dublin for the Horse Show Week, and have taken Stand No. 30. They are famous for the absolute correctness and the excellent cut of their habits, and are universally acknowledged to be always to the fore where equestrian fashions are concerned.

A Home of Fashion

IT would never do for even the most ardent of horse-lovers to overlook the social side of the Horse Show, for it is considered that it is second only to Ascot in the dress sense. Switzers, of Grafton Street, Dublin, are bearing this in mind, and are showing some early autumn models during the week. It is certain that no woman would dream of leaving Dublin without first paying a visit to their *salons*, where exclusive gowns, coats and millinery may always be found. Illustrated on the right of this page is a distinguished coat of faccecloth, with a large collar and the new muff cuffs of sable shaded coney. An interesting point about it is the fashionable slightly waisted effect. It should be noted that excellent results are always achieved in their hairdressing *salons*.

The new waisted effect, and a collar and cuffs of sable shaded coney distinguish this coat from Switzers Dublin

Roberts and Carroll, of Cork Street, London, built this irreproachable habit coat. They have taken a Stand at the Dublin Horse Show

Sketches by Olive Hewerdine

Irish Tweeds

TO possess real Irish tweeds is to carry with one a little bit of Ireland herself, so vividly does the fascination of her scents and her colouring cling to the soft strands. The Irish Cottage Industries, 6, Dawson Street, Dublin, excel in the making of hand-woven and hand-dyed tweeds, knitted garments, rugs, baskets, cottage furniture, and charming novelties. For shooting and fishing there are game plume designs, and the tweed is showerproof. These, as well as a large selection of other patterns, may be purchased at Stand No. 21, and posted direct to any address.

BY APPOINTMENT

A SUNNY DAY ON THE RIVER

Cool, restful and peaceful, and oh! how wonderfully lazy. Soon it's tea time and you stretch for the hamper—packed so carefully, down to the last and most important detail—

Cerebos SALT

Colour in Fountain Pens

For some time it has been realised that rubber is the only satisfactory material for fountain pen holders, but a certain difficulty has been experienced in breaking away from the universal black to be in accord with an age which demands colour. After long and exhaustive researches, Messrs. Waterman's chemists have solved the problem, and the results are the new colour writing sets in a variety of charming shades. Both fountain pens and pencils are made in beautiful two-tone blends of blue-green ripple, rose-ripple and olive-ripple. The pens and pencils are made in two sizes, the pens at 30s. and a ladies' size at 25s.; the pencils at 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Pens and pencils, which all have gold bands and clip caps, are obtainable at stationers throughout the country.

AN OCEAN MONSTER

A striking view, taken in dry dock, of the French Line's giant Atlantic liner, Ile-de-France. Some idea of her enormous size can be gained from the figure on the gangway. The Ile-de-France contains, among other features, a grand dining room which seats 700 persons and a garage to accommodate 60 cars

A Chocolate Novelty

Chocolate sandwiches, a pleasing novelty in confectionery, have just been introduced by Cadburys and are particularly delicious and economical. The varieties include truffles, almond toffee, crème, Scotch caramel, and nougat, and all are sold in decorated packets at sixpence by all high-class confectioners.

By the Camp Fire

The Great Western Railway Company have published an attractive little booklet entitled "Camping Holidays," which is full of useful and entertaining information for those who like to spend a holiday under canvas among the sublime beauty spots that this famous railway serves. To quote from the booklet: "There is so much health and happiness to be gained by a camping holiday, for such an infinitesimal outlay, that those who have once experienced its joys rarely fail to fall under its Bohemian spell." The Great Western Railway offers special facilities for campers, and cheap tickets are available, by pre-arrangement, for organised parties of juveniles travelling to and from camps and rallies. "Camping Holidays" is well illustrated and contains a most useful list of different camping localities, including the sites; also the nearest G.W.R. stations, owners or tenants, amount of land available, nearest drinking water supplies, nearest villages or towns, cartage, and rambles. The booklet also contains an excellent map.

A WATERMAN COLOURED WRITING SET

A Record of Sixty Years

In 1868 Mr. James Crossley Eno invented the Fruit Salt which bears his name, and which is now a household word as well as a household necessity. To mark the anniversary, the firm of J. C. Eno, Ltd., have had the happy idea of issuing in a booklet a selection of jokes, bearing on health, which have appeared in *Punch* since that date. The booklet serves the two-fold purpose of causing amusement and giving one an opportunity of looking back through the decades during which Mr. Eno's invention has enjoyed such a sparkling success.

A Novel Circular

A booklet, circular in form and printed in the brightest of colours, leads you through highly decorative pages of amusing sketches and neat verse to the announcement that it is issued by the Gordon Hotels, Ltd. It is a clever idea, and in its more serious pages gives full particulars and rates of this famous group, including the Metropole Hotels at Brighton and Folkestone, the Cliftonville at Margate, the Grand at Broadstairs, and the Royal at Dieppe.

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IMPROVES THE MOST EXQUISITE DISH!

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If your complexion is too pale, try "LAROLA ROSE BLOOM"—it's lovely, **1/-** per box. "LAROLA TOILET POWDER" **2/6** per box.

A complexion which looks well under all circumstances of wind or weather is an asset both for the sake of appearance and comfort, but the complexion left entirely to soap and water can never achieve this. A reliable emollient is essential to protect even the most perfect skin.

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used regularly night and morning keeps the skin soft, smooth and white, and able to resist injury from changeable weather. **1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.**

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ANTIQUE DOUBLE TALLBOY and LOW CHESTS, FINE ANTIQUE WARDROBES, Bow front and other chests, ranging from **5 Guineas.** **OLD BUFFETS** as dressing tables, from **3 Guineas.** **ANTIQUE FOUR-POST CANOPY-TOP BEDS** in Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Georgian, and other styles.

COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES comprising large Wardrobe, Dressing Chest, Washing Stand, &c., of very uncommon design in solid oak, from **10 Guineas.**

MAHOGANY BEDROOM SUITES of Old English style, 12 guineas. **COMPLETE SUITES** in Sheraton and Chippendale Style at 15 guineas. Magnificent sets of rich Satinwood and Silver Ash, Black and Gold Lacquer of Chinese taste, French Louis XV lacquered and gilt, up to 700 guineas.

DINING-ROOM, RECEPTION ROOM, and LIBRARY FURNITURE, &c., including shaped front **CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD,** 16 guineas. **COMPLETE SET OF DINING CHAIRS,** including Carving Chairs, Chippendale style, 18 guineas. Extending Dining Table, en suite, £7 15s. Complete Reception Room Sets, with Antique-style Oak Dressers, offered at the extremely low figure of 10 guineas.

A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of 6 small and 2 carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot.

SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, SEVERAL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS at 37s. 6d. each, with finely sprung Chesterfield Settee at 5 guineas each.

PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, Bluthner, Bechstein, &c., a fine tone Cottage Pianoforte being offered at 20 guineas, and a superb nearly new Baby Grand at 75 guineas.

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KNITTED IN A NOVELTY YARN, RESEMBLING VERY SOFT LIGHT WEIGHT TWEED.

This smart suit is edged with plain stockinette, finished at waist with leather belt. The front in jumper is detachable and the Skirt has smart wrap-over front.

PRICE 9½ GNS.

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FOR Special Occasions and Everyday Wear have your Dresses, Jumper - Blouses, etc., made from the newest "SAN-TOY" Printed FABRICS.

THESE beautiful fabrics represent the most delicate and charming effects in colour and texture—but with a beauty that nothing can spoil or harm.

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HOCK CUP.
CYDER CUP.
CHAMPAGNE CUP.
GRAPE FRUIT SHERBERT
LEMON KALI.
ICED COFFEE.

Badminton

PLACE in a covered jug on ice a bottle of beaune, the rind of one orange, the juice of one, an ounce of bruised sugar-candy, a few slices of cucumber, a sprig of borage, and a glass of curaçoa. Keep in ice for an hour, then pour in two bottles of iced seltzer water just before serving.

Hock Cup

Take with each bottle of hock or Spanish white wine a quarter of an orange cut in small slices (or half a pint of fresh strawberries), and 2 oz. of castor sugar. Add a little ice. This is a very old recipe and highly recommended.

Cyder Cup

Put in a jug an ounce of castor sugar, a bottle of cyder, half a glass of sherry, and a sprig of borage; let these stand in ice for an hour, then decant into another jug. Pour in a bottle of soda-water which has been on ice.

Champagne Cup

One bottle of champagne, two bottles of soda-water, one liqueur glass of brandy or curaçoa, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar (in a wineglassful of syrup), and a sprig of borage. The cup to be well iced.

Grape Fruit Sherbert

Soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water, add two of boiling water, and mix with one and a half cupfuls of grape fruit pulp, one cup of grated pineapple, one of sugar, and three-quarters of a cup of water. Freeze.

Lemon Kali

Two pounds of Demerara sugar, 2 oz. of citric acid, one gallon of boiling water. When cold, add one drachm of essence of lemon, one drachm of spirits of wine. Stir it well and bottle it. Two tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of cold water or soda-water.

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To each quart of strong black coffee add half a pint of milk and four tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, and when cold half a pint of cream. Ice in the freezing machine, and then place in a large jug in a pan of freezing salt, and cover with a blanket.

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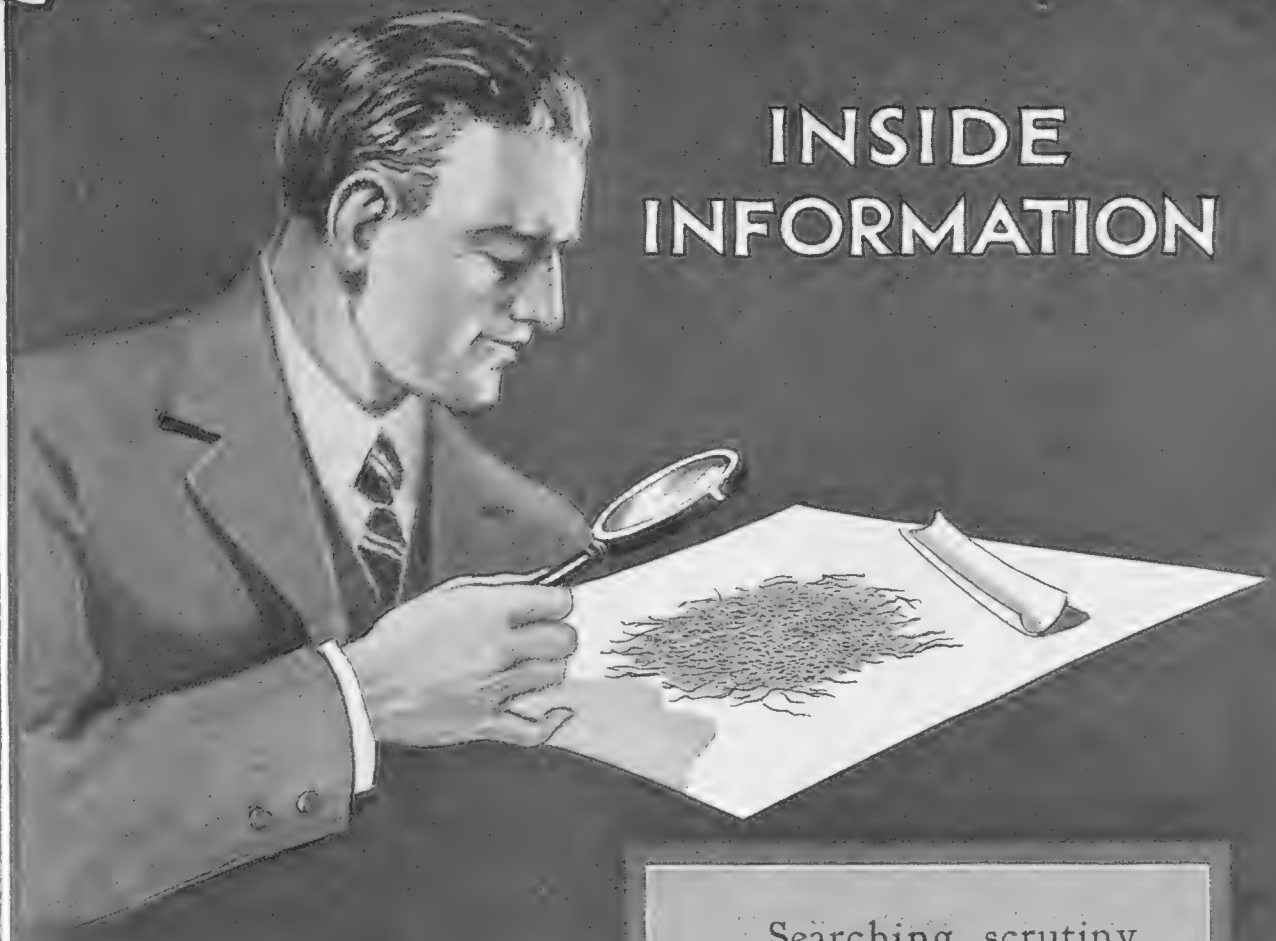

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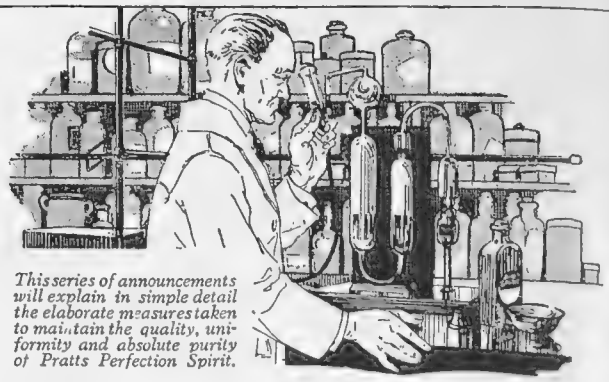

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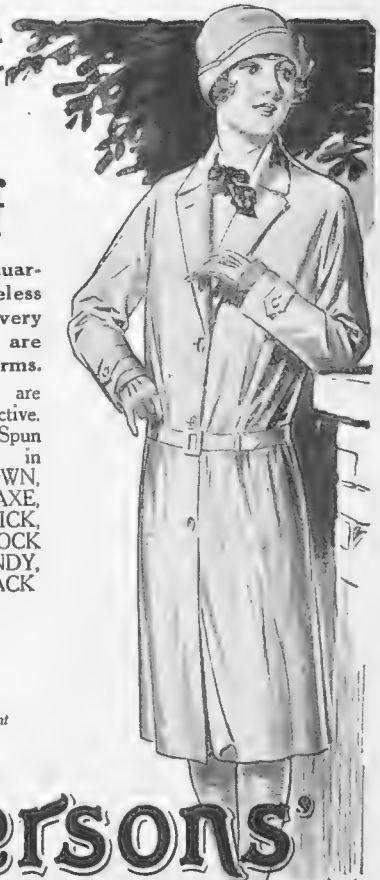

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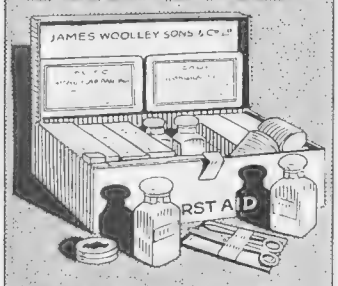

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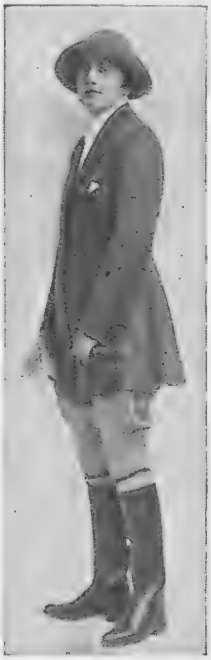

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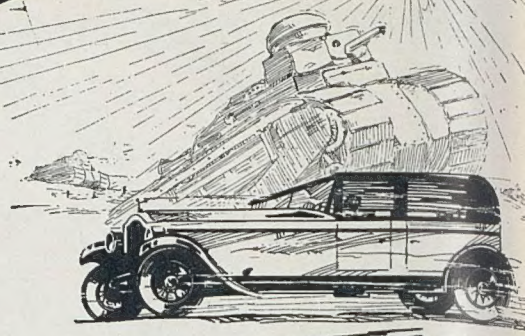

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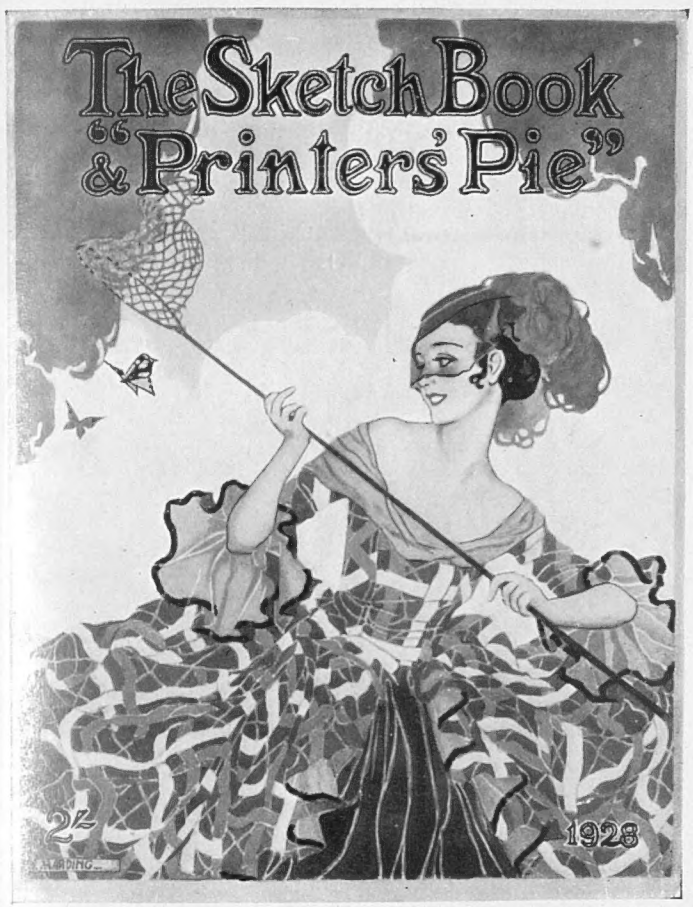

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